

Number 14  
Sacred Texts  
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Production of this sourcebook was supported in part  
by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editors would like to thank John Bierhorst, The Balkin Literary Agency, The University of New Mexico Press, The University Nebraska Press, and The University of Pennsylvania Press for their cooperation in making this sourcebook possible.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

PART ONE. INTRODUCTION	p. 1
A. A Working Hypothesis	p. 1
B. Poetry and Related Terms	p. 2
C. Poetry and the Sacred	p. 5
PART TWO. IROQUOIS SACRED TEXTS AND CULTURE: A CASE STUDY	p. 11
A. The Story of Creation	p. 11
B. The Thank-You Prayer	p. 12
C. The Dekanawida Myth	p. 13
D. The Condolence Ritual	p. 15
E. An Ongoing World View by Way of Poetry	p. 17
PART THREE. SACRED POETRY: AN INTRODUCTION	p. 19
A. The Lyric Voice in Print	p. 21
B. The Colloquial Voice and the Printed Page	p. 28
PART FOUR. SACRED DRAMATIC POETRY	p. 37
PART FIVE. SACRED NARRATIVES	p. 45
PART SIX. CONCLUSION	p. 53
PART SEVEN. BIBLIOGRAPHIES	p. 54
A. An Annotated Bibliography of Principal Sources	p. 54
B. Other Sources	p. 61

PART EIGHT. APPENDICES

p. 65

A. From: How the World Began (Iroquois)

p. 65

B. From: The Legend of Deganawidah (Iroquois)

p. 75

C. From: The Ritual of Condolence (Iroquois)

p. 80

D. From: "Slaying the Monsters" (Navajo)

p. 92

E. From: The Boy and the Deer (Zuni)

p. 94

F. From: "The Emergence" (Navajo)

p. 97

G. From: "Slaying the Monsters" (Navajo)

p. 99

## PART ONE. INTRODUCTION

### A. A Working Hypothesis

Save for a few opening definitions followed by a simple if somewhat speculative taxonomy, I bring no fixed theoretical posture to this project. In trying to introduce sacred Native American poetic texts, I do not consider it my present task to advance any particular literary approach. Instead, I offer a tentative framework for appreciating an ongoing Native American legacy more deeply than current popular conceptions allow, and for correcting an unbalanced emphasis on material culture regarding the people too easily called "Indians."

My overall working hypothesis is that the verbalized religious world view of a culture helps to shape its social organization, including its history, its polity, its educational system, and its artistic and ceremonial life, while at the same time affecting individual participants in it. I place a certain primacy on the poetry of any people and in doing so, assert the centrality of its sacred texts. Every culture has fashioned a bigger-than-life creation story and a poetic way of telling it. Furthermore, every culture possesses an attendant body of ceremonial discourse including prayers, chants, stories and the like. Creation narratives and their satellites of discourse sit at the heart of what emerges as a poetic tradition of a people.

To build my framework I will attempt new definitions of some old terms. In redefining them and in constructing a rudimentary classification to recognize sacred Native American texts, I draw on over twenty years of archival research and reservation fieldwork on the poetic activity of ongoing preliterate traditions in Native North America. I also draw from over thirty years of introducing what we continue to call literature to undergraduates who are progressively less inclined to read it, especially outside the college classroom.

#### B. Poetry and Related Terms

Now for some initial definitions and distinctions. I seek a working understanding of three main terms--literature, poetry, prose--and several ways of classifying them. The first of the three broadly generic terms I wish to define is literature. Traditionally this term has been applied, rather loosely, to a number of similarly broad written genres including what is conventionally identified as poetry, fiction, and drama, each of which could itself be subdivided in a variety of ways. More by assumption than by deliberate designation, the term literature as we tend to use it exists by and large in association with print. The etymology of the term, in fact, summons images of parchment or paper, of alphabetical systems whether hand-wrought or letterpress, and of electronically-applied print technology.

It turns out, however, that the term literature has limitations precisely because it presupposes existence on the

printed page (or more recently on reels and tape) and hence precludes any orally-transmitted verbal artifact. Our customary use of the word literature, with its implicitly restricted reference to alphabetically transmitted material, has blinded us to the existence of poetic features beyond the margins of the printed page, and perhaps even to features which print has managed to subdue by its silence.

I would like to replace the term literature with the more serviceable term, poetry, which I would broadly designate genus and call literature one species of it. Making it the second more broadly generic term in my list of definitions, then, I would define poetry as that art form whose primary medium is language, whether written or spoken (or sung); whether recorded in print, on video or audio tape; or whether packaged in the human memory according to various mnemonic techniques (see Finnegan, Goody, Havelock, Lord; see also Mallery and Gelb). In that regard poetry may coexist with such material devices as petroglyphs or petrographs common the world over, with Germanic runes, and perhaps even with Iroquois wampum and other materials used to assist the individual or collective memory.

There are two sets of sub-terms associated with poetry. Defining them might more easily permit the recognition of poetic material which Native Americans have produced. The first set distinguishes recited poetry (as at a Navajo Kinaalda ceremony, for example, or at a family commencement gathering in a Navajo community)<sup>1</sup>, or else at something like the San Juan Rain God

Drama)<sup>2</sup>; from electronic poetry (a film, for example, or a taped or video recording); and printed poetry (something written in a book, the contents of a periodical, and perhaps even a written text pulled out of a data base on a computer)<sup>1</sup>

The second set permits another useful distinction. What we have conventionally called poetry might better be called verse-- at least when we refer to printed poetry. Contrast that with prose, which more resembles vernacular speech in being less rigidly patterned and which is hence packaged on the page margin to margin and line by line in a way that does not call attention to patterns of meter and rhyme. Prose can also be subdivided into its recited, electronic, and printed versions.

Another sub-set of terms begins with text. During what might be called the golden age of print, that term referred to printed poetry or what has conventionally been called literature. Now we can apply text more broadly, perhaps using it to designate the way in which poetry is stored, whether as originally printed the way Shakespeare's plays were or the way Chaucer hand-produced his Canterbury Tales; whether harvested from a preliterate tradition the way The Odyssey or The Iliad was or as Beowulf is likely to have been (see Lord, Magoun); or whether assembled electronically as a recording, a video production or a film.

We could gain accuracy by using the term this way and thus speak of a written text; of recorded texts whether audio or video; of a cinema text in the case of film; and possibly even a ceremonial text, which implies storage by memory, custom or



ritual as in something like the Navajo Nightway Chant (see Faris). Here I am primarily concerned with printed texts and with how print may best be utilized in transforming written texts from ceremonial material acquired from oral traditions throughout tribal North America, although I would also like to arouse speculation about the possibility of storing ceremonial texts electronically, too'.

### C. Poetry and the Sacred

Moving away from the term literature, let us turn to the definition of sacred. Explaining its meaning seems absolutely daunting, yet some kind of agreed-upon understanding is needed to deal effectively with Native American sacred texts.

In presenting material on the San Juan Rain God Drama in which rain-bringing deities are summoned from the farthest reaches of the known world of the Tewa Pueblos, Vera Laski's informant Shaayet'aan (or striped Stone Fetish) cautioned her that "the purpose of our ceremonies is not entertainment but attainment; namely the attainment of the Good Life [italics not mine]. Our dramas, our songs, and our dances are not performed for fun as they might be in the white man's world; no, they are more than that: they are the very essence of our lives; they are sacred" (Laski, p. 2). Elsewhere, Laski herself comments that "whether or not a dance is to be called a kachina ceremony depends on the inner attitude, the spiritual approach of the dancer, and the intensity of feeling rather than on the outward

presence of masks and paints" (p. 24).

In other words, essentially human internal qualities such as spiritual intensity help give external reality its sacred dimension. That intensity can then be verbalized among those who experience it as a sacred community. As Clifford Geertz has suggested, in constructing a shared sacred conception of the external, a society draws from the "sense of intrinsic obligation" its individual members maintain, and from the "deep moral seriousness" of each. Its people build a world view out of their picture of "the way things in sheer actuality are, to create their concept of nature, of self, of society." Surveying and synthesizing what can be seen and known on a phenomenal level, they unite in conceptualizing "their most comprehensive ideas of order" (pp. 421-22). Thereby the sacred world projected outside the self grows out of an intense devotion experienced within it.

Endorsing this link, Luckert recognizes that "most human religious responses are responses to greater-than-human personages or gods." Yet it is humans who remain the actors in a sacred encounter so that "wherever 'personhood' is being recognized as the quality which raises man above the animal level...any so-conceived greater-than-human reality must possess at least the human quantity of personal qualities" (1976: p. 5). Thus an apprehension of what is greater-than-human or other-than-human requires a firm grasp of what is human.

Even the greater-than-human, god-like supernaturals are

given fundamentally human traits by the poets who invoke them or attempt to depict them. A passage from the Navajo creation story, for example, describes the Holy People (Haashch'ééh din'é) superhuman creatures "who could perform magic," who "could travel swiftly and...travel far," who "know how to ride the sunbeam and the light ray...and how to follow the path of the rainbow. They [feel] no pain, and nothing in any world could change the way they [are]." But they likewise possess human intelligence along with other recognizably human qualities (Zolbrod: 1984, p. 58, p. 352, n. 13). The four holy chiefs express anger like that humans exhibit when they expel the squabbling air spirit people from an otherwise balanced world (Zolbrod: 1984, pp. pp. 370-39). And Haashch'éélti'i, the Talking God, together with his companion Tó neinili, the Water God, show the glee of grandparents at the birth of the warrior twins (Zolbrod: 1984, p. 183). As Luckert suggests, then, the "greater-than-human" conception of externally sacred can reflect a very human internally felt awareness.

Those closely allied verbal artifacts that combine to express a culture's full conception of the sacred articulate the place of this world in a larger cosmic scheme and define relationships within groups and between them; they likewise define connections between human beings and other creatures whether the animals who share the earth's products or the supernaturals who preside over them. They identify the origins of the earth and its manifest features, of the organisms that populate it, and of the people who dwell on it. As Ortiz says of

the "Tewa myth of origin," they specify perceptions of "human and spiritual existence" while organizing nothing less than "time and space within the geographical area they consider their world" (Ortiz, p. 9). As a result, sacred activities and the texts they generate contribute what is most basic to a culture's identity. Thus, sacred texts are fundamental to any society.<sup>5</sup>

#### Endnotes

<sup>5</sup>I cite these two examples in particular because I was able to perceive first-hand how recited poetry functions in two distinct contexts at ceremonial gatherings. In late March, 1991, I attended a Kinaaldá or traditional girl's puberty ceremony at Bicenti--seven miles north of Crown Point, New Mexico. A traditional medicine man presided over the night-long culmination of a four-day event marking the occasion of the first menstrual period of two first cousins--in effect their entry into womanhood. Consisting of a series of standard chants and prayers from the Blessingway cycle which arises from the Navajo creation story (see Wyman, especially pp. 407-459), his words are recited in fixed patterns of meter and style characteristic of ritual drama throughout the Southwest. (See Frisbie). Later that spring, I was invited to a family gathering to mark the graduation of yet another cousin from high school. During the course of the evening every relative stood and offered a speech marking the event. As an invited family friend and hence something of a family member myself in the Navajo way of reckoning affinal relationships, even I was obliged to contribute. The round of orations opened and closed with a recitation respectively by the maternal grandmother of the graduate and his paternal grandfather. Both spoke in Navajo, as did the young man's parents and his elder relatives. While they spoke extemporaneously--unlike the medicine man at the Kinaalda, whose songs and prayers were not his own but lyrics long established as the ceremony's central discourse--they referred frequently to the Blessingway and couched their own words in the established cadences manifest in the Kinaaldá, sometimes adopting entire phrases from some of its lyrics and lyrics similar to it to fill out a line rhythmically. In effect, then, the whole round of speeches, was framed by the formal recitation of these two most venerable guests. I hasten to add as well that their speeches in particular were moving and powerful, bringing tears to the eyes of many of the others. As he himself gave his

oration--which he delivered in English--the graduate too had obviously absorbed and mastered this ceremonial rhetoric and adapted it to another language. Listening to him and the others--especially the two grandparents--I recognized once again what I had already learned to perceive at Navajo gatherings: these are people whose poetry resides more in what they recite than in anything they might write down. Print is still too new among them to reflect their traditional reliance on recited poetic discourse.

'See Laski, especially p. 37, where recited narrative is used to train the young actors preparing to participate in the upcoming Rain God ceremony.

'Ong explores the distinctions I am trying to make here more elaborately and on somewhat different terms. I urge anyone interested in pursuing them to consult him, for he is more thorough and incisive by far than I am able to be here in this cursory discussion. I also recommend consulting Havelock.

'See Miller, p. 11, however, for a somewhat more normative application of the term text: "By 'text' is meant a single example, a version or a single telling of a tale, better or worse than an ideal. While controversial, comparison with living traditions does indicate that a community will have an ideal version of a text, a definitive telling by an acclaimed teller that implies a standard."

'Ethnographers often seek to demonstrate the close relationship between sacred texts and the workings of everyday life in a given culture. Ortiz provides one noteworthy example, where he specifically summarizes the "myth of origin and the early migrations of the Tewa" and goes on to explain how in the context of that narrative "the Tewa conceptualize and classify their social, spiritual, and physical world today" and "make [the story] meaningful in behavioral terms" (p. 13). Missing from such discussions, however, is the application of poesis in them. By that I mean an awareness of poetic qualities in how the story was created and has been stored and maintained in its application to ordinary and ceremonial life in its respective culture. I can see how the objection might be made that in our own secular culture here in the United States, sacred texts might be growing increasingly unimportant. Schoolchildren no longer participate in what was once called "morning devotions," where a passage from Scriptures was customarily read along with a recitation of "The Lord's Prayer." Court decisions have been made to restrain municipalities from displaying nativity scenes in public places. Some would believe that with the demise of Protestant hegemony in the United States the sacred no longer plays the central role here it once played, so that our sacred texts have lost the centrality which I maintain has a place in every culture. I

believe that I can argue against that point in two ways. First of all, in a variety of significant ways the Bible has predicated the advance of European culture so fundamentally that its formative impact can never be diminished. The worst that could happen would be for us to lose sight of that deep, pervasive influence, which would be a pity in my view. Second of all, our definition of the sacred might very well be too narrowly sectarian: some Christians might be inclined to associate the sacred exclusively with Christianity. The trick is to expand the term's meaning so that it is no longer presumed to apply only to biblical elements or to exclusively Judaeo-Christian conceptions of the supernatural or the "greater-than-human reality" which Luckert speaks of in his effort to define religion (1976, p. 5). Indeed, there is a place for the sacred in a secularized Western culture, which has its non-Christianized sacred texts. The "self-evident truths" cited in the Declaration of Independence serves as an example. So does Matthew Arnold's "best that has been thought and said," or Jonathan Swift's "Sweetness and Light," in efforts by both to elevate outstanding literary works to canonical status. As Thomas Carlyle envisioned it and then himself wrote it, history is "the first distinct product of man's spiritual nature" and "his earliest expression of what can be called Thought" (p. 80). Given his transcendent view of human thought, recorded history at what he considers its best for him thus becomes sacred literature. Similarly, Emerson's Oversoul or Kant's Categorical Imperative assume a transcendence that can be called "greater-than-human" even though they emanate manifestly from humans in their search for ethical behavior in a secular context.

## PART TWO. IROQUOIS SACRED TEXTS AND CULTURE: A CASE STUDY

Four Iroquois works (textual translations of poetry) show how sacred expressions help shape the culture producing them. The texts include a creation narrative more or less shared by the confederated Iroquois tribes; a ceremonial prayer of thanks common to them all; an account of how the original five tribes formed a confederacy; and a written version of the condolence ritual which serves to perpetuate that union. The confederacy includes five original tribes including the Seneca, the Onondaga, the Mohawk, the Cayuga, and the Oneida-- plus the Tuscarora, who joined later. Although the original five once made war on each other, they shared key cultural traits. These works draw the five tribes into a unified system.

### A. The Story of Creation

Folklorists call the Iroquois creation story "The Woman Who Fell from the Sky." (See below, Appendix A). It is the first of four texts that combine to preserve in writing the religiopoetic underpinnings of Iroquoian culture. While no available translation seems to reflect its poetic texture at the surface, the story bespeaks a deep artistry very much the way elements of narrative art survive in a pedestrian translation of Homer or Beowulf. Essentially, the story--which takes place in an ancient time before the world acquired its present hardened shape--tells of how Mature Flower, the wife of Tharonhiawagon or Sky-Holder,

was cast by him out of a preternatural domain in the sky clear to the bottom of a large lake here on earth out of mistaken jealousy that she has been made pregnant by some other male. She lands on the back of a turtle who gently lifts her to the water's surface. As it expands the turtle is transformed into a vast island. The women gives birth to a daughter who in turn bears two sons sired by the wind--the benign, creative Good Mind and his destructive, evil twin Warty One. When fully grown the second son tries to interfere while the first contrives with his grandmother to give the earth its contours of hills and rivers and to populate it with plants, animals, and finally with human beings. He then fills the skies with the sun and moon, the stars, and the sacred winds.

#### B. The Thank-You Prayer

A second text--the thanksgiving prayer--reiterates in concentrated form the Iroquois conception of time and space. In all likelihood, it too predates confederation. Yet to this day it is still uniformly recited from tribe to tribe to introduce and conclude some dozen and a half yearly longhouse ritual gathering events--all timed according to the position of the Pleiades. These include the new year and maple ceremonies of midwinter, the spring seed-planting and strawberry ceremonies, the little corn and green corn summer ceremonies, and the dry corn and harvest ceremonies of fall (See Foster, 109-134).

The prayer makes for an important text (See Rothenberg, pp.



4-11, 347)<sup>2</sup>. Chanted by an elder to close a long-house ceremony, it summarizes the creation by reviewing how Good Mind made a world replete with plants, animals and humans dynamically balanced against an equally well arranged celestial domain full of spirits and stellar bodies. That conception feeds into a code of ideal behavior. The speaker bids the assembly to greet each other and to remain aware of the vision of a greater-than-human reality they all share and must help to maintain. Each stanza progresses from closely terrestrial items like water, grass and shrubs through living creatures ranked by size, to celestial elements ranked according to their distance from the earth. The prayer thus encompasses greater-than-human reality through poetry. (see Zolbrod, 1992).

### C. The Dekanawida Myth

A third religiopoetic work linking the individual Iroquois nations is the account of how the mythic hero Dekanawida mediates between the tribes and forges a lasting peace among them. (See below, Appendix B). Bearing in its most comprehensive written form the title The Constitution of the Five Nations or the Iroquois Book of the Great Law, the story has a narrative section followed by a section devoted to exposition.<sup>3</sup> Much of its poetic quality emerges from its tone of compassionate bereavement, which intensifies as the tale progresses. The murderous warfare between the tribes brings mounting bitterness. The killing continues and sorrow intensifies until the visionary Dekanawida

crosses lake Ontario into Iroquois country on his mission for peace. There he finds the grieving Mohawk Hayonwhatha whose unmitigated grief over the death of his wife and daughters has driven him into angry exile and insane paralysis. (Parker, pp. 18-24, p. 114) When Dekanawida encounters this solitary mourner and offers him the comfort of condolence this cures him of his crazed bereavement and allows the two to resolve to work together to spread the gospel of mitigating grief by mutual condolence among the five tribes.

The unifying theme of shared bereavement carries over into the expository portion of the text. It describes how the Iroquois nations are to conjoin as five tribes "...of equal standing and of equal power" (p. 103) who pledge to grieve in unison for the deceased members of any particular one. This willingness to share grief forms the basis for a single political body that matches in spirit the cohesiveness of earth and sky as described in the thanksgiving prayer. The unity of this new political entity is represented by such symbols as "four great, long white roots" of a single tree which "shall shoot forth" in the four cardinal directions;" as the tree's trunk and branches which shall perpetually be seen and accepted by all of "the nations of the earth; and as a circle formed when members of the Five Confederated groups "bind ourselves together by taking hold of each other's hands," and strong enough "so that if a tree shall fall prostrate upon it, it could neither shake nor break it" (p. 102).

Although the Constitution of the Five Nations lacks the immediate poetic texture found in the "Thank You Prayer," it displays a narrative and thematic unity which transcends translation. Together, then, the narrative and expository portions of the text employ poetry to describe a "greater-than-human" society wherein myth and vision combine to create the underpinnings of an enduring political unit.

#### D. The Condolence Ritual

The fourth unifying text--the Iroquois Ritual of Condolence--illustrates how the culture functions at a crucial moment. (See below, Appendix C). A ceremonial drama without the distinction between actors and spectators common in Euroamerican theater, it is performed when a member of the "supreme senate of fifty councilors" dies. Now instead of being greeted with vicious glee or callous indifference, the death arouses condoling sympathy among the nations. For the occasion the confederated tribes divide into two grand moieties personified as a bereaved brother and a condoling one who reenact the way Dekanawida condoled the mournfully crazed Hayanwhatha and cured him with pity and compassion.' The text progresses from an opening summons bringing the two brothers together, through sixteen separate scene-like articles resulting in the investiture of a new council member to replace the lost one.

At the thematic heart of the work, in fact, is a reiteration of the Thank You Prayer's spatial design--the progression from a

narrowly internal self-preoccupation to a awareness of a greater-than-human, creator-shaped universe. Paralleling the shift in attention from an immediate spot progressively outward to the furthest imaginable reach of space, scenes one through eight of the Condolence Ceremony describe how the grieving patient is urged to expand his focus as he recovers, so that he can progress from his self-preoccupied suffering to full participation in the confederation. Initially, the grieving brother sits on a husk mat in a dark lodge--blinded with his grief, deafened by it, and unable to speak and move (Bierhorst: 1974, pp. 129-136). Step by step, however, the condoling brother restores his sight, his hearing, and his capacity for speech--finally getting him to leave the spot where he lies paralyzed and to walk out of the lodge. He moves into the sunlight where he may see first the ground in front of him, then the shrubs a little further off, then the more distant objects and animals, and finally the celestial objects positioned further and further out into the sky until he can once again contemplate the vast cosmos and its presiding spirits.

The condoling brother thus reenacts Dekanawida's sympathetic restoration of Hayentwatha from the depths of his crazed, paralyzing grief. His words also reiterate the tight organization of the great law, with its detailed stipulation that grief must be removed throughout the confederacy before social harmony can be assured; that all of its tribes are of equal standing; that all members of its tribal council are likewise

equal; and that power is to be distributed commensurate with the balanced distribution of all things in the cosmos originally designed and created by Mature flower and her grandson Good Mind.

E. An Ongoing World View by Way of Poetry

Taken together, the four texts overlap and combine to complete and reinforce a worldview formed in mythic time by a greater-than-human creative power. At the same time the texts define an ongoing social tradition; for they help Iroquois people mark and celebrate events in everyday life. At strawberry festival time or at the green corn ceremony or the mid-winter ceremony these texts and the values they embody are made public, taught, and passed on to a new generation.

Something identifiably sacred resonates among these texts, just as they resonate with poetry and cultural significance. Where bland prose translations of them do not reflect their full poetic texture, they sometimes do reveal a deeper poetic structure, connecting them in a way that shows how poetry functions within a culture. "The continuity between human and spiritual existence...is rooted in...data," says Alfonso Ortiz (p. 26). All well and good, but why not include texts like these as data, too, recognizing in them fine expressions of the sacred and the poetic alike? For surely the continuity between the human and the spiritual that Ortiz speaks of may be evidenced more readily in poetry than in any mute material artifact. In these texts poetry and religion do indeed converge in everyday

human life.

#### Endnotes

'Various English versions exist widely mixed in quality and comprehensiveness. The best are found in Hewitt (1903) and Parker (1923), while Tooker (1979, pp. 31-68) provides a readable modification and Bierhorst (1985: pp. 194-200) summarizes it well, adds good basic documentation, and reflects however briefly an uncommonly receptive awareness of the poetic style that accompanies its presentation in an oral setting.

'While I have located other written accounts (e.g., Chafe, pp. pp. 17-45, reprinted in Tooker, pp. 58-68; Foster, pp. 286-403), and while they exhibit the variation that multiple translations usually display, I like best the Richard Johnny John version that Jerome Rothenberg harvested for publication in Shaking the Pumpkin (pp. 4-9).

'Although variants exist (see Wallace: 1986, p. vii, for a guide to extant English translations), A. C. Parker's adaptation from the Seth Newhouse version represents the most comprehensive printed English version that I know of and perhaps the best. That text combines the legend how warfare ended among the tribes with the expository description of the terms of peace which united them in enduring confederacy. It is too long to include here, however. Wallace's reprinted version, which is included here, also serves well, however. In a useful introduction to their retelling of Newhouse's English rendering (pp. 183-192), Sanders and McPeck justifiably call the narrative portion an epic. There are indeed enough elements of the heroic in Dekanawida's origins and exploits to warrant the use of that term, and a certain poetic tone emerges from the account even though Newhouse may not have created it as deliberately as Richard Johnny John creates textured poetry in his translation of the Thank-You Prayer. Meanwhile, hints of the poetic also appear in the English translation of the expository portion of the text, which describes the conditions of the treaty whose origins the narrative segment traces.

'Better poetry exists in that text than in any other recovered so far from existing translations of the Constitution. Bierhorst's English version, which he reconstructs from Hale and Hewitt (Bierhorst: 1974, see p. 119) is especially poetic. Verbalized in an idiom that appears to reflect the poetic power of Iroquois oratory, it also displays the same kind of careful structure evident in the thank-you prayer.

### PART THREE. SACRED POETRY: AN INTRODUCTION

Once we recognize that texts like the Seneca Thank-You poem, the Navajo Diné bahane', or the San Juan Rain God Drama emerge from preliterate traditions which are no less capable of producing poetry than Homeric Greece was, we find that with or without an alphabetical technology tribal North America has been a wellspring of poetry. Furthermore, in rendering that poetry, a Seneca or a Navajo performer might sing or chant on the one hand or speak conversationally on the other. Between 1973 and 1977 I frequently visited Avery Jimerson, a shaman and a Seneca musician, who recited traditional stories and sang songs. On one memorable occasion he described the relocation of the Allegany Seneca reservation in the 1950s and 1960s to make way for the Kinzua dam--a story he had obviously told before. By the time I recorded his English account of that episode, I knew him well enough to observe in his voice and body language patterns of cadence, pitch and syntax more loosely structured than song displays.

He usually sang accompanied by a small water drum and moved his feet to reinforce rhythm. He closed his eyes, and his neck tightened with the increased tension in his vocal chords. Vocables were abundant and the referential frame was often narrow. While the stories he told progressed through a series of consecutive incidents, his lyrics were tightly contained in a closed verbal system consisting of tightly repetitive units of

syntax parallel in structure. These were individual verses. Instead of telling stories, his songs conveyed images--the flight of a bird, the gait of a bear, a wolf running across a field. Or sometimes they pinpointed some human act, such as issuing a warning or singing off key, often satirically or with a touch of humor.

I am surprised that scholars and critics have not made more effort to explore the relationship between music and poetry. Of the few who have done so, Franz Boas is one of the first. He pointed out that "the two fundamental forms, song and tale, are found among all the people of the world and must be considered the primary forms of literary activity." He also observed "that primitive poetry does not occur without music, and that it is frequently accompanied by expressive motions or by dance." The major difference between modern and primitive prose", he noted is that the former "is largely determined by the fact that it is read, not spoken," while the latter "is based on the art of oral delivery and is, therefore, more closely related to modern oratory than to...printed literary style." (p. 491).

The distinction that Boas makes here leads to another useful in reading texts. Whether they originate as literature in the conventional sense of that term, or as oral or electronically transmitted expression, all poetic artifacts can be located somewhere on a voice continuum between the lyrical extreme of song and the colloquial extreme of ordinary conversation or what transforms onto the printed page as prose. Hence in the



mainstream European manuscript tradition, lyric poetry exists on the one hand not only in the songs and sonnets of Shakespeare or the written verse of Wyatt, Surrey and Sidney, but in hymns, choral music and opera. It even exists in today's emerging post-literate, electronic tradition of radio, recordings and video through the lyrics of pop and rock. At the other extreme colloquial poetry resides more prosaically in novels or short stories, together with essays and dialogue in movies or theatrical plays.

When it comes to voice, then, a poem may stand at any point along the continuum to become more or less lyrical or colloquial, as with old standby British poets like John Donne or Robert Browning, who superimpose upon strictly measured verbal units of rhyme and meter complexities of syntax more common to ordinary conversation. Like any other art poetry permits experimentation and innovation but always within the parameters of where the human voice positions itself between the extremes of pure speech and pure song.

#### A. The Lyric Voice in Print

Distinctions between the extremes of pure speech and pure song gain significance as we explore the relationship of performance to print, and as we learn to deal with Native American texts. Ideally, committing a lyrical work to the page should be a deliberate process. Sometimes established print graphics can be used the way Washington Matthews deployed them in

his translations of Navajo lyrics. For example, he displayed a chant on the page in distinct linear units that might easily be reduced to verses in print:

Hayoolkáál beehoghán.	House made of dawn.
Nahootsooí beehoghán.	House made of evening light.
Kosailhil beehoghán.	House made of the dark cloud.
Niltsábiká beehogán.	House made of male rain.
Áhidilyil beehogán.	House made of dark fog.
Niltsiba'ad beehogán.	House made of female rain.

In addition to the conventionally scored musical notation that she used in her anthology of Native American lyrical and colloquial poetry, Natalie Curtis (1907) also employed the established practice of arranging distinct units of syntax in stanzas as with this example from The Indians' Book (1923).

Sikya volimu	Yellow butterflies,
Humisi manatu	Over the blossoming virgin corn,
Talasi yammu	With pollen-painted faces
Pitzangwa timakiang	Chase one another in brilliant throng.
Shakwa volimu	Blue butterflies
Mozhisi manatu	Over the blossoming virgin beans,
Talasi yammu	With pollen-painted faces
Pitzangwa timakiang	Chase one another in brilliant streams. (p. 484)

In his fine translations of Tewa poetry Herbert Spinden did likewise, as this example shows.

There towards the north  
 There the fog is lying,  
 There the fog is lying.  
 In the middle stands Blue Corn  
 Happily, prettily, she is singing.  
 Ha-we-ra-na na-a-se

There towards the west  
 There the fog is lying,  
 There the fog is lying,  
 In the middle stands Yellow Corn  
 Happily, prettily, she is singing.  
 Ha-wa-ra-na na-a-se

There towards the south  
 There the fog is lying,  
 There the fog is lying,  
 In the middle stands Red Corn  
 Happily, prettily, she is singing  
 Ha-we-ra-na sa-a-se

There towards the east  
 There the fog is lying,  
 There the fog is lying,  
 In the middle stands White Corn

Happily, prettily, she is singing  
 Ha-wa-ra-na na-a-se (p. 78-79)

Spinden focused on one cardinal direction in each stanza, developing in the process a schematic vision of how far-flung cosmic forces converge in germinating corn.

Dell Hymes (1981: pp. 35-64) suggested an improved procedure for representing the lyrical voice in printed English. Foremost, he argued that presenting sacred poetry requires the analyst understand the donor language. He also noted that a translated text should be conciously attentive and creative in its use of the printed medium. For example Hymes described an old Boasian Kwakiutl cradle song (p. 49-50) illustrative of the incremental repetition common to Native American lyric poetry but seldom present in English or European alphabetical poetry.<sup>1</sup> The transliteration looks like this.

1. hants'e: noqwi' lakwe: ky la: qEn gya: q'e: na' ye:  
     bEgwa: nEmts'e: da dask' wa, ya ha ha ha.
2. a: le: winuqwi' lakwe: ky la: qEn gya: q'e: na' ye:  
     bEgwa: nEmts'e: da dask' wa, ya ha ha ha.
3. le: q'e: noqwi' lakwe: ky la: qEn gya: q'e: na' ye:  
     bEgwa: nEmts'e: da dask' wa, ya ha ha ha.
4. Lats' ae: noqwi' lakwe: ky la: qEn gya: q'e: na' ye:  
     bEgwa: nEmts'e: da dask' wa, ha ha ha ha.
5. e: aqElae: noqwi' tLEky la: qEn gya: q'e: na' ye:  
     bEgwa: nEmts'e: da dask' wa, Ya ha ha ha.
6. qats ky' eatse: tso: s tsa: yakwe: yatso: s yaqe: s

'na:kwatsao:s age:qs dEso:tso:s dask;wa,  
ya ha ha ha.

Boas, meanwhile, provided this literal translation.

1. Born-to-be-a-hunter at-my becoming a-man, Father,  
ya ha ha ha.
2. Born-to-be-a-spearsman at-my becoming a-man, Father,  
ya ha ha ha.
3. Born-to-be-a=canoe-builder at-my becoming a-man, Father,  
ya ha ha ha.
4. Born-to-be-a-board-splitter at=my becoming a-man,  
Father, ya ha ha ha.
5. Born-to-be-a-worker at-my becoming a-man, Father,  
ya ha ha ha.
6. That-you-will-nothing need of all you wanted-by-you,  
by-you, Father, ya ha ha ha.

And Hymes steps forward with improvement.

"Born to be a hunter,  
when I become a man,  
Father,  
Ya ha ha ha.

Born to be a harpooner,  
when I become a man,  
Father,  
Ya ha ha ha.

Born to be a boatwright,  
when I become a man,  
Father,  
Ya ha ha ha.

Born to be a board-splitter,  
when I become a man,  
Father,  
Ya ha ha ha.

To be a craftsman,  
when I become a man,  
Father,  
Ya ha ha ha."

He justifies the change by asserting that each unit originally represented as a line in Boas actually contains four distinct phrasal segments that can be combined to form separate stanzas.

Presumably, each segment is marked by boundaries of pause or a duplicated shift in tone or pitch, or some such similar combination of suprasegmental properties. Additionally, each four-part unit throughout the first five of those segments consists of one variable and three invariables, while the sixth contains only two invariables (p. 51), offsetting itself the way say a half-note is offset when it follows a succession of quarter notes in a series of musical bars otherwise identical.

Look again at the apparently simple Navajo passage translated by Washington Matthews above (p. 22). It actually belongs to a much larger text, itself a part of a vast Navajo network of chantway narratives that are central to elaborate healing ceremonies related to creation mythology (See Wyman and Kluckhohn). To simplify somewhat, each chant reenacts an ancient story; in each a stricken individual becomes the focal point in an elaborate dramatic enactment of a traditional story about a protagonist who courts self-destruction by transgressing against an immediate family, a clan, or any of the numerous spirit-beings who populate the world. Consciously or inadvertently, that individual has done something to upset the fragile, greater-than-human balance evident at every level of existence. Whether cast out, abandoned or in fearful self-willed flight, the hero or heroine undergoes a series of scathing, near-fatal adventures before being rescued far from home by the Haaschch'ée'h dine'é or Holy People--primary deities associated with such forces as the winds, the changing seasons, different kinds of rain, or the sun

and moon and stars in their various constellations (See Spencer).

With the help of a medicine man--or chanter, as the Navajos prefer to call him or her--the patient must now summon these supernaturals to repeat the healing process originally applied. The six lines quoted here comprise part of an eight-line invocation, to the dwelling place of these deities, Tséyi' or Canyon de Chelly, which is a microcosm of the balanced components of dawn and evening light, dark cloud and dark mist, male rain and female rain, and pollen and grasshoppers--four sets of counterpoised opposites that exist throughout Navajo cosmology. Seen that way, each line becomes a carefully measured--and highly potent--linguistic unit, morphemically, syntactically and referentially.

When attentively read, such seemingly simple, repetitive poetry verbalizes a scheme of dynamic balance that reflects the physical world. The Navajos have no single-word counterpart to our term nature. Instead they rely on a large vocabulary that recognizes an active cosmos consisting of twelve venues including four subterranean zones below the earth, four surrounding bodies of water, and four vaults of sky overhead. Throughout that cosmic system forces play against each other in an ongoing struggle for balance (see Franciscan Fathers, pp. 35-37). Seasons come and go in endless cycles measured by the complementary movement of sun and moon and stars. Life alternates with death in parallel cycles of germination and decay, while darkness and light contend analogously with an

ongoing effort of male and female to surmount gender differences and function together in harmony. Grasshoppers invade blossoms to stir and transmit pollen. Alternately clouds gather and issue rain and mist rises from the earth to refurbish them. Taken together this ongoing drama of force and counterforce can be seen as an ostensibly organic "greater than human reality" whose components collectively equate with our isolated term nature.

Once we realize that such a single English word has no lexical counterpart in Navajo, an opening is made for the discovery of sacred poetry. Instead of being signified by a single term, nature in Navajo verse can be understood to invoke a series of paired elemental forces. The house is made of dawn, goes the first line (Hayoolkáál bbehoghán), and of evening light per the second (Nahotsoi beehooghán), balancing two referentially oppositional elements seen to cycle back and forth in dynamic union. As the third and fourth line of the passage specify, Tséiyi' is also made respectively of dark cloud (L'osalihil beehooghán), and male rain (Niltsábika beehoán) uniting two more of nature's components combined in a basic cause-and-effect relationship. The next two lines link the gentler, less formidable components of dark mist and female rain, which offsets the more severe dark-cloud male-rain pairing. Then the final two lines match the active pollen-spreading grasshopper with the passively spread pollen. Together they trigger the reproduction induced by the light of the sun (which recurs daily and intensifies once spring equinox occurs), and by the male and

female rain. Thus tightly measured linguistic segments adapted by the lyric voice express a deep awareness of a greater-than-human reality created in a primordial long ago.

Fluent in the language and familiar with the culture, Matthews recognized how, through time-honored tradition and current ceremonial practice, these segments merged as coalescing lexical, syntactic and referential units in Navajo song and prayer. The result is an English text that bears maximum fidelity to the original poem. Hymes, too, could secure such principles in transforming a performance of the Kwakiutl cradle song into a viable alphabetical English lyric poem.

#### B. The Colloquial Voice and the Printed Page

If lyric poetry at its purest is the poetry of the singing voice consisting of measured segments of speech sounds, of syntax and of balanced lexical units, then colloquial poetry at its most flatly conversational is the language of the speaking voice. It contains fewer manifestly artificial or structured features than lyrical poetry and it follows the loose, more natural cadences of speech. It exists without the accompaniment of dance or instrumentation. In colloquial sacred poetry the voice heard is that of a storyteller relating an action or a sequence of events occurring sometime in the past, or that of an orator transmitting a body of information; or that of a character in a dialogue or a dramatic exchange. In alphabetical traditions like those of America and of Europe, such colloquial works would often be



classed as short stories or as essays, and their unmeasured style would qualify more clearly as prose.

Arranged on the printed page colloquial sacred poetry at its purest might fill each line from left margin to right, with no need for the kind of spacing that delineates measured units for the reading eye. Content becomes more open, as does style, allowing for a greater range of thought and a more individualized play of ideas and style. I suspect that Black Elk spoke colloquially to John Neihardt, as Avery Jimerson spoke to me while telling about the Seneca dislocation to make room for the Kinzua Dam. My impression is that many of the Native American stories compiled and collected earlier in this century were recited colloquially.

Readers have not really considered such material poetic. The densely blocked paragraphs that Arthur C. Parker employs in Seneca Myths a Folktales, for example, or that are disbursed on the page as prose in publications like Matthews' Navajo Legends, all too easily mute the artistry present in colloquial poetry. This print-oriented oversight helps to explain errors such as the one found in the entry on "American Indian Poetry" in the Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics. There the writer identifies "a surprising lack...in narrative verse" among the tribes. "The Indian customarily told his tales and legends in prose," he writes, as if the Native American voice were incapable of doing otherwise, "and reserved the poetic style and rhythm for nonprosaic purposes" (Preminger, p. 20).

I now wonder if narratives gathered earlier like Matthews' or Parker's were as flatly prosaic in the way they were originally recited as they seem to be in printed English. In a vivid prefatory chapter, "The Atmosphere In Which the Legends Were Told," Parker describes the conditions of an actual performance on a winter evening in the communal long house. Hearing the storyteller arrive, the children would run to the door and lead him inside. "Hoskwisaonh," they would shout; "the storyteller,--the story teller has come!" Adults would join in welcoming him, one woman directing him to a bench before the central fire while several others placed corn-husk around it. Specially dressed for the occasion, he also carried a parcel of small props such as bear teeth and shells. Once seated he would take out a pipe and some sacred tobacco, light up, and then blow a puff of smoke and open his story with a "ritualistic prayer to the unseen powers, about whom he is soon to discourse." And finally he would exclaim, "Hauh, oneh djadaondyus," to which everybody present would reply, 'Hauh oneh!' Only then could the story begin (Parker, p. 49-50).

I myself had the recent pleasure (March 20, 1992) of hearing Sonny Dooley recite under formal circumstances. She is currently studying with a number of Navajo medicine men, and she agreed to tell a traditional story for the closing banquet at the sixth annual Navajo Studies Conference at Window Rock, Arizona. Obviously dressed for this occasion, she wore an elaborately decorated full-length skirt, an ornate, formally decorated long-

sleeved blouse, and a hand-decorated shawl replete with symbolic designs. She stood behind a podium for this occasion, probably since there were so many people in attendance. She spoke with a fluid body motion, reciting passages alternately in English and Navajo, and maintained a commanding presence. This was obviously a practiced performance; as did others, I felt myself in the presence of an artist of the magnitude of a singer or a virtuoso cellist or violinist. The next day she gave another formal presentation at the public library in Window Rock, where she simply stood before her audience with no podium separating them. But she wore the same elaborate costume, and for that session brought an ornate cradle board with her as a prop and gave the same commanding performance before an audience which recognized it as such.

In so ritualized a setting, the storyteller's language is bound to have qualities that distinguish it from ordinary conversational than lyric poetry sounds. That is certainly true of storytellers I have listened to, whether Seneca, Apache or Navajo. They speak in a voice that is clearly nonlyrical but distinctly nonconversational. The colloquial poetic voice shows a cadence missing from everyday speech but present in song. Colloquial sacred poetry can also evoke a transcendent presence. Notice, for example, the San Juan God Drama, much of which was originally recorded as prose (see Laski, 1950; Rothenberg: 1972, 214-235)<sup>2</sup>. Essentially, the text contains a ceremonial reenactment of the entrance of life-giving rain gods into a

ceremonial kiva where villagers have gathered. As they wait, two clowns first tease them before summoning the "Great Ones." Shading their eyes in a mimed effort to gaze into far-off mountains, the clowns look successively to the north, the west, the south and the east, calling out to each other as they try to spot the oncoming gods. As if coaxing the sacred guests out sky, they finally claim to see them, first at far-off "Muddy Water Lake," and then at the less distant "Thunder Lake." They describe how the Katchinas make their way closer to the more nearby "Willow Leaf Lake," and then to the still closer "Clearwater Lake." They are "...coming out & coming out of it," clear up "...to Garbage Gardens" at the outskirts of the village, cry the clowns as the katchinas moving through familiar landmarks towards the village (Rothenberg, pp. 220-221).

In The Tewa World (13-28), Alfonso Ortiz explains that by tracking the rain-gods across the landscape, the clowns actually verbalize a sacred cosmic conception. As the katchinas make their way in from the distance, they circle clockwise, revealing themselves more nearby each time from a point in each of the four directions. The movement of the gods therein combines established color symbolism with a coordinated spatial conception. That vision includes the annual cycle of seasons in an intricate model that ultimately aligns the female earth with the human female. The drama reaches its climax following the arrival of the katchinas when "a young girl about ten years old, dressed in shawl & manta...is taken from the crowd" and

ritualistically inseminated by their chief. "And now yus have consummated yer Man Ceremony!," one of the clowns then says, and after the procedure is repeated three more times with three additional girls, the "Silent One" departs as the other katchinas have already done (Rothenberg, p. 322; see also Laski, pp. 54-55). Thus the drama enacts "contact with the supernatural" in the form of a "dramatic meeting of a people with their gods" (Laski, p. 60).

Although several passages appear to have originally been sung (See Laski pp. 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 45, 48, 49, 56-58, 59; Rothenberg, pp. 215, 222, 225, 226, 233-235), the text indicates that most of the drama is recited colloquially. The clowns speak irreverently of themselves, each other, and the audience. Humor is abundant--much of it sexual and scatological. It seems clear, too, that the clowns wish to sound impulsive and spontaneous in what they say. Even when they address the katchinas their dialogue is far from the formal, majestic and sometimes deliberately archaic language one might expect in ritual drama.

For all their apparent exuberance and spontaneous irreverence, however, the clowns articulate a sharply conceived, poetically expressed cosmos. In making that conjecture, of course, I am limited to the evidence that Laski's English provides. She obviously relied on an interpreter, and nothing in her commentary or her notes suggests that they talked about drama as poetry or even that she knew Tewa well enough to appreciate its poetic nuances. Like many anthropologists she assembled her

text as ethnographic data and, although she recognizes its dramatic qualities (p. 32, p. 38, p. 60), she does not think of it as literature.

Nevertheless, a careful reading of the text reveals its poetic power. For instance, the clowns begin telling of the oncoming katchinas when the first one describes a "churning and splashing [and] bubbling" on far-off "Muddy Water Lake." The second clown then observes a god "sticking his head out," and then "another one coming out, and another one, and another one," specifying four in all before generalizing that "they keep coming out, and keep coming out, and keep coming out" (Laski: p.43). Whereupon the second clown responds, "More and more of them come out, bringing with them the sacred Cloudflower, bringing with them the power to make rain, the power to raise watermelon, the power to raise musk melon, the power to raise squash, wheat, and corn, the power to hunt deer, the power to hunt buffalo, and they keep coming out with the power to hunt rabbits and the power to kill skunks" (p. 43).

Notice the parallel use of the word "power" in two separate series, one with reference to making rain and growing crops, and another with reference to hunting game. "Power" is mentioned four times in each sequence, and each sequence designates two separate categories, the first of which distinguishes melons from vegetables while the second separates large game from small. Furthermore, the second clown repeats the statement in a slightly abbreviated form when he next reports that the gods "are coming"

out of the less distant "Stone Man Lake," to which the first clown replies that he, in turn, sees the same gods emerging from the still closer "Willow Leaf Lake...with their deer killing power, their buffalo killing power, and with their power to raise corn and watermelon and squash and beans," and then out of nearby; "Clear Water Lake...with all their thunder and lightning, and rain bringing, with all the goodness of their bean raising, and squash raising, and corn raising, and melon raising, and deer killing, and fox killing, and rabbit killing" (Laski, p. 44).

Thus, each clown adds twice in succession to a series of four parallel reports from four lakes associated with four mountains and four different directions, each recited in closely parallel syntactic units using multiples of four or occasionally three. And while Laski does not indicate an awareness of the poesis underlying such reiterations, her version still retains a poetic quality--a certain thematic rhythm, if you will--that Rothenberg obviously heard. Deep poetry can overcome the distortions of translation. Moreover, the four separate reports verbalize a deeply conceived scheme that may be called poetic in its own right. Taken together, they reflect "specific reference points in the Tewa world" (Ortiz, p. 18) wherein an ultimate power both male and celestial" is seen to "reach right into the ground to deposit...seeds deep within the earth" (Ortiz, p. 21), whose countervailing female power responds by giving life.

At some fundamental human level, poetry and religion thereby conjoin in the effort to recognize patterns, to interpret them,

and to articulate them and then to verbalize what they mean-- linking the patterns of speech and thought with nature's patterns. As we continue to recognize them and appreciate where they ultimately come from, Native American Sacred texts help us to realize that--even across awkwardly assembled translations-- Indian cultures have sustained a sophisticated sense of poetry that ranges from the purely lyrical to the naturally colloquial. Their sacred poetry is an art which verbalizes understanding through physical properties that ultimately reside in the human voice.

#### Endnotes

<sup>1</sup>The term "incremental repetition" originates with Gummere (p. 194, 252-256), and is used by Barnes (1922) in her discussion of the stylistics of Native American poetry, still a useful work.

<sup>2</sup>Vera Laski first recorded the San Juan Rain God Drama in a curtailed form sometime during the forties; she was permitted to do so only because it was feared for a while that after the war there would no longer be enough men left to perform it again. That version was published by the American Folklore Society in 1958 and is no longer in print. Jerome Rothenberg "adapted the verses [and] reworked the dialogue" to include it in Shaking the Pumpkin, which Doubleday published in 1972. In his own words, he altered Laski's original text slightly to create "a mock clown-style in English" (p. 439). His anthology went out of print, meanwhile, and was reissued by the University of New Mexico Press, but without the Rain God Drama. I am not sure I know why, but I have been told that some people at San Juan Pueblo were displeased to learn that Laski had produced a text in the first place. When I learned about those objections, I consulted with an elder from San Juan to seek his advice about sharing either of the two printed English version with my students. He replied that since Laski did not record material considered essentially sacred, no harm would result.



#### PART FOUR. SACRED DRAMATIC POETRY

Something else about the San Juan Rain God Drama. It is dramatic in that it involves more than one voice as opposed to the single voice of a narrative. While the narrative voice is primarily that of a single speaker addressing an audience regarding something that took place in the past, the dramatic voice appeals to a third party anticipating an immediate reply either in words or deeds. If the past is mentioned at all, it pertains to a reality elsewhere, away from the venue of the ensuing dialogue.

There is an immediacy in drama because it represents action in the present. In sacred narratives, audiences listen to a lone speaker telling of prior events which occurred someplace apart and remote, sometimes repeating what other characters have said to each other. In drama, however, audiences watch as characters address someone and anticipate a reply. What the characters say places the action directly before onlookers or spectators. The clowns in the Rain God Drama, eager to bring needed moisture, talk to each other as they summon the gods from distant mountain lakes and into the kiva. Sometimes they talk to the spectators in an effort to draw them into the action, or they bring members of the audience onto the stage as when the four young girls are selected to be symbolically impregnated by the Great One. In a Navajo ceremony deities are likewise summoned by a speaker either to help bless an individual or a group or to

heal a patient. While onlookers watch, the presiding medicine man, the patient, and various others reenact a traditional event that secures the necessary blessing or cure. This in itself becomes the desired response that dramatic poetry seeks to evoke. Similarly, the consoling brother in the Iroquois Condolence Ritual has to coax the bereaved one into full recovery before together they can install a new council member.

In addition, because everything occurs within a staged space, the distinction between prior and current time collapses into a dramatic present. To secure that present, spectators and participants alike often gather in a world apart--down a kiva ladder, into a special clearing within a circle of brushwood or stones, or within a long house or a ceremonial hogan. To watch our own dramatic productions in mainstream Euro-American culture we generally walk under a marquis, pass through a lobby and enter a darkened theater. That ritual also creates a world where the present absorbs the past and which is invoked when a speaker gives voice to a text.

To recognize a work as dramatic, one should also consider its overall matrix. Look carefully at all seventeen stanzas of Richard Johnny John's Seneca Thank-You Prayer and you will notice that while each consists mainly of a different narrative interlude describing the prior creation of the universe, it opens in the present tense with the statement, "Now so many people that are in this place..." and it ends with the present-tense assertion, "We will give...our thanks for it. At this time of

day. This is the way it should be in our minds" (Rothenberg, pp. 4-9). Hence his prayer creates a dramatic matrix consisting largely of narrative embeddings.

Like the matrix itself, a dramatic embedding can be colloquially voiced. "Hmmm," says the First Clown early in Rothenberg's version of the Rain God Drama, "t'other day whilst I was walking past the Garbage Gardens who should I see but Flower Mountain (chomp) & she was going out ter gather cowchips. And who would yus think was coming out ter help her?" (Rothenberg, p. 217). Thereupon the clowns shift back to the present tense, reaffirming their immediate desire to bring the Rain Gods. Similarly, in reminding his young sibling that the confederacy was founded to bind the Iroquois nations in everlasting peace, the condoling brother lapses into the past tense to remind him in what resembles a colloquial voice, however majestic in its formality, "Now hear, therefore, what [my grandsires] did, all the rules they decided on, which they thought would strengthen the House" (Hale, p. 125).

Or else narrative embeddings can range into the lyrical, just as the dramatic matrix can. Accompanied by a "beating... drum, with a peculiar sharp strike like a sudden outburst or explosion," the medicine man who presides over the Navajo Mountain Chant sings during that dramatic ritual about how "'Holy Young Woman sought the gods and found them' (Matthews: 1887, p. 462-3). A similarly embedded narrative episode is lyrically recited in the Pawnee Spring Renewal Ceremony where a group of

men and one of women interrupt a dramatic enactment of oncoming rainclouds to take turns singing of how Paruxti the Lightning God once helped to create the earth by drawing power from the sky (Murie, p. 43-44).

Whether lyrical or dramatic, these narrative embeddings can vary in length and frequency. My impression is that they occur relatively more often in Puebloan ceremonies and Iroquois rituals than in Navajo and Pawnee dramatic works. Furthermore, among the former two tribes they seem more often colloquially voiced while they are more apt to be sung with the latter two.<sup>1</sup> Referring once again to our own mainstream culture, I think of conventionally spoken plays on the one hand and opera or musical theater on the other, or of films and videoplays as opposed to Hollywood musicals. In today's abundant, electronically transmitted dramatic poetry, voice can likewise range from the colloquial to the lyrical.

Sometimes a dramatic matrix may consist of but one voice.<sup>2</sup> What makes it dramatic in this case is that instead of participating in a two-or-more-way encounter like that involving the San Juan clowns and the oncoming Rain Gods, or instead of addressing a general audience as a storyteller does, the speaker is overhead by the audience as he or she appeals to someone else, expecting a reply either in speech or in kind from the addressee even though it is not formally part of the work.

Within our own tradition, Browning's so-called dramatic monologues serve to illustrate. Read any one of Browning's

single-voiced dramatic works carefully and you find yourself positing someone who does not actually speak on an imaginary stage together with the speaker. And although the reply of the former is not part of the work, what the latter says initiates the dramatic present, leaving you to imagine what the reaction might be. "Draw round my bed," the dying bishop says to his illegitimate sons in "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church," and then proceeds with his instructions to them as to how he wishes to lie in state. They never actually reply, but as the bishop continues we can sense from what he says that they really are not listening and have no intention of following his orders. Likewise, in "Anrea del Sorto," the artist Andrea begs his unfaithful wife to stay home with him instead of leaving to meet a lover. He alone speaks, but his ensuing words make it clear that she goes out anyway. "Again the cousin's whistle! Go my love," bids Adrea helplessly in a statement that evoke's his wife's silent, contemptuous departure. Curiously, that fairly colloquial monologue bears a resemblance to "Ruby," the early Kenny Rodgers lyric about a wounded Vietnam vet whose wife is about to "take [her] love to town." In fact, popular song lyrics can likewise be classified according to whether they are dramatic or narrative. Whether occurring in pop culture, mainstream Anglo-European literate or Native American poetic tradition, drama can be distinguished from narrative by looking at main verbs for tense markers.

Like the multi-voiced sacred dramatic works, the univocal

ones can also be more purely colloquial, too, as seems to be the case with the following Fox speech of mourning recited to the newly deceased. "Now this day you have ceased to see daylight; Think only of what is good. Do not think of anything uselessly. You must think all the time of what is good." (Michelson, p. 147). Or a single-voice sacred dramatic work might be less purely colloquial but not entirely lyrical. Perhaps an Eskimo hunting song reworked by Rothenberg is an example, where a hunter appeals to his game to provide him with food: "You, you caribou/ yes you," cries the speaker in a dramatic lyric reprinted below which Rothenberg reworks from an older translation from the Inuit; "...See, I'm holding in my hand/ the reindeer moss you're dreaming of--/so delicious, yum, yum, yum--/Come, caribou, come" (p. 43; see also pp. 350-352). In fact, anthologies such as Rothenberg or Astrov are replete with such monologues, sacred more often than secular.

The predominance of dramatic sacred works draws attention to the poetics of prayer in which a greater or other-than-human reality is addressed. (See Richard: 1944; Gill: 1979, for two rare but excellent examples). This insight should lead us to understand sacred texts in a way that gets beyond the fatuous generalizations that 'Indians live close to the land,' or that they are spiritual people. Such bland statements remain useless without concrete examples or systematic exploration of what they might actually mean.

## Endnotes

<sup>1</sup>That is little more than speculation on my part, however. I make it only to indicate a possibility for investigation--one of many that exist and have the potential to engage students. Try asking them, for example, to compare the lyrical embeddings they find in Native American ceremonial drama with the lyrics of their favorite groups. For that matter, have them sort out lyrics that are dramatic and those which are narrative both in Native American texts and in the more familiar popular culture and then make observations.

<sup>2</sup>This is a place where it might seem appropriate to make a direct reference to current literary theory so abundant as I assemble this material in the early 1990's. I am tempted, for example, to try to apply M. M. Bakhtin's terms, "monologic" and "dialogic," which could conceivably be used in an effort to refine the broad distinction I wish to forge between a univocal narrative and the multiple voices which conventionally make up a dramatic work. Similarly, I might easily be tempted to draw vocabulary and related concepts from other theories currently being used, especially in academic settings. I have chosen to avoid such terms and approaches, however, and I do so for two reasons, using Bakhtin as a case in point with both. First, I do not believe that terms like his apply to traditional Native American poetry, since Bakhtin relies exclusively on printed texts without demonstrating that he considered their preliterate origins. Nor did he appear to listen to narrative or dramatic poetry performed in tribal settings. In comparing the epic with the novel, for example, he perceived the former exclusively through the lithic medium of print, which cannot possibly duplicate the elasticity of any sort of orally transmitted narrative--an elasticity that still prevails on the Navajo reservation. The epic, writes Bakhtin, "has come down to us [as] an absolutely completed and finished generic form, whose constitutive feature is the transferral of the world it describes to an absolute past of national beginnings and peak times." It "is impossible to change," the "tradition of the past is sacred," and the texts it yields provide "no consciousness of the possible relativity of any past" (p. 15). That may be the case with Europe's Homeric epics, with Chanson de Roland, or with Beowulf, which exist only as printed fossilized versions of once dynamic oral traditions. But the sacred stories of the Navajos or the Zunis which speak of tribal "beginnings and peak times" do indeed change with each telling to this day. In describing what the Zunis call the inoote or time long ago when the world was soft, traditional storytellers are constantly playing that world off against this one in what becomes a living tradition which remains forever relevant and relative to life today. Second, as much as possible I wish to avoid applying theoretical models that emanate from non-native sources or that emanate from non-native sources or that impose norms either implicitly or explicitly whose sources

are foreign to practitioners of tribal poetic discourse. Systems or standards drawn from sources originating with literate Europe traditions should be applied to Native poetic artifacts only with circumspect caution. I myself prefer merely to make frequent comparisons between poetic practices which emerge from Native American traditions and practices arising out of print cultures like those of the so-called Old World. And I do so without regard to political and economic domination. Should readers so wish, I encourage them to apply theoretical models to Native American poetic works themselves, or to use such works to test theories and hypotheses that come out of Europe. I do not see that as my own task here, however, where I am simply trying to introduce Native American texts as simply yet as systematically as possible. Above all do I wish to apply any of the theories that seem to pass in and out of fashion so swiftly during these post-structuralist, post-modern times of collision between electronic media and print media, between economic systems or between clashing views of culture.



## PART FIVE. SACRED NARRATIVES

Initiating a brief introductory discussion of sacred narratives is no easy task because so very much has been written about narrative literature, ranging from histories and discussions of the novel, short story, the folk or fairy tale, and myths and legends, to the newer multidisciplinary interest in verbal artifacts as varied as film, autobiography, and personal narratives. I cannot easily point to a single work or a concise set of titles that might launch a systematic survey of the study of narrative, beyond recommending The Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics, which provides introductory discussions of species of narrative with useful references and summary bibliographies. For now, however, let me limit what I say about to a few generalizations applicable mainly to Native American narratives. That way I can perhaps establish some guidelines for distinguishing the narrative mode from the dramatic, and so encourage the development of a taxonomy of Native American sacred texts that grow out of traditional oral sources.

If dramatic poetry is multi-voiced, a narrative poem ultimately grows out of the voice of a single storyteller addressing a collective audience rather than speaking to somebody in particular. And just as a dramatic poem can contain any number of narrative embeddings, recited by one speaker or another, so a narrative matrix can include many dramatic embeddings. (See below, Appendix D). When other voices are

filtered into the story through the master-voice of the speaker, he or she may use gesture and mime or alter vocal qualities such as pitch and tone to strengthen the impression that a dialogue is taking place in a dramatic embedding.<sup>1</sup> Navajo story-tellers, for example, often use words abundant in nasal vowels when Coyote speaks in order to insert a comical whine in his dialogue.

Tedlock's English text of "The Boy and the Deer" offers a narrative matrix rich in dramatic embeddings whose intensity mounts because dialogs work in sets. Consider this series of exchanges on how the deer-mother nursed and adopted an abandoned boy--first between the deer mother and the Katchinas; then between her and the boy; and then in the subsequent exchange between the boy and his real mother before he takes his life (Tellock: 1978, pp. 6-7; 16-20; 24-27; see also below, Appendix E)..

Looked at closely, the story's suspense grows with each exchange, and each bears careful analysis to discover how configurations of diction and syntax in the respective dramatic embeddings help to sustain interest, increase suspense, add pathos or contribute other effects which make well-told stories compelling. The way those embeddings are placed can even add to the thematic rhythm in a narrative work, especially when they are evenly spaced.

Navajo stories are likewise full of dramatic interludes that increase their effectiveness (see Zolbrod, 1992). I found it particularly challenging to reconstruct the quarrel between Áltse

hastiin the First Man and his wife Alté asdzáá the First Woman in assembling my English textual version of the Navajo creation cycle (see Zolbrod: 1984, 58-59; see also below, Appendix F). After reading several other written interpretations, listening to a number of recited accounts, and talking with men and women about male-female relationships in everyday Navajo life, I decided to try to use a simple but formal diction to express the comic anger of that sacred couple without trivializing it. Similarly, in the dramatic embedding which tells of their reconciliation, I wanted to make the Asdzáá nádleehé the Changing Woman's demands upon Jóhonaa'éei the Sun convincingly intense (Zolbrod, pp. 272-275; see also below, Appendix G). I recognized that her demands could be expressed in multiples of fours, ranging from four successive declarative sentences parallel in structure to single declarative sentences with simple verbs presiding over four direct objects or two sets of two objects each.

To my mind, what distinguishes a narrative matrix from its dramatic counterpart most in Native American storytelling is its removal to a sacred past. Whereas the action in drama is immediate because it summons elements of the sacred from a time and place elsewhere into the arena of the dramatic present, narrative transports an audience to a world elsewhere in time and place. According to Tedlock, the Zunis call that distant world the inoote or the long-ago, before "the introduction of objects and institutions...belonging to the period of European contact"

(1983, p. 160) Sometimes the removal to a sacred place becomes a veritable shamanic venture; you can actually watch as a performer transports him or herself to that venue.

According to Tedlock (1978, pp. 159-160), two different types of narratives are set in the remote world of the inoote or long ago: the chimiky'ky'anakowa, which "is regarded as literally true," and the telapnaawe, which is considered fiction. The former "accounts for most of the major features of social organization," and belongs "to a period when the world was 'soft'" enough to be shaped according to a shared conception of evident reality. The latter take place slightly later "in a world which had already hardened, though it was still not quite like the present world." While Tedlock cautions that "some narratives are hard to classify according to this dichotomy" (1983, p. 160; see also 1968, pp. 214-5), other inferences can be drawn about how the two types differ. Whether fully soft or beginning to harden, the inoote is a time when communication takes place between all beings, human or otherwise. Thus the ahayuuta or warrior twins can tell the subterranean pre-human creatures they visit why they have descended into that underground domain of the soft world of the chimiky'ana' kowa described in "The Beginning" (Tedlock: 1978, p. 234). And in the more recent, hardened world of the telapnaawe, the deer mother in "The Boy and the Deer" can likewise talk freely to her adopted son (Tedlock: 1978, pp. 24-26).

On the one hand the earlier, softer long-ago cosmos is not

yet fully formed, nor are the shapes of objects and creatures yet fixed. This truly is a time of beginnings, which is what the term chimiky'ana'kowa literally means (Tedlock: 1983, 235). The fresh earth still has the "smell" of "ozone," or "K'oli," the "smell of lightning." The ahayuuta brothers swiftly materialize out of foamy rivulets made when a heavy rainfall hits alkaline soil (Tedlock: 1978, p. 226-227). Once they emerge from below, the shapeless underground creatures shed their mossy skin and the webbing which binds their hands and feet is immediately undone. They change shape to become humans (pp. 265-266) in a gesture belonging to the "mythical times" Luckert speaks of when all living things enjoyed the "primeval kinship...of essential continuity" which he calls "prehuman flux" (1975: p. 133). These are the narratives that account for reality as it is commonly seen today.

The Zuni classification is useful because it applies to the sacred narratives of other tribes and, to some extent, the Judeo-Christian world. The "soft," world of the Zuni inoote finds its counterpart in 'God's swift seven-day creation of the "heavens and the earth," while chapters in Genesis and many of the subsequent narratives in the Old Testament take readers back to a more recent past when the world is still soft enough for angels to address Noah and Abraham, a burning bush to speak to Moses, or even for the Holy Spirit to mediate between God and Mary. What helps make that poetry sacred to this day among practicing Jews and Christians is that it continues to define much of their

culture.

Throughout the corpus of traditional Native American narratives that have as well found their way into print, especially by way of the bulletins and reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology, there are many accounts that tell of soft worlds and hard--chimiky'ana'kowa and telapnaawe. One example is the turtle island of Iroquois tradition that expands to become the earth and that Good Mind and his grandmother further shape. As a kind of proto-narrative it informs other poetic events in the ceremonial life of that people. Notice for example that the still malleable earth and its surrounding cosmos change shape as completely in the Seneca Thank You prayer as they do in its parent story, "The Woman Who Fell From the Sky" (see above, pp. 15- 17). Consider, too, narratives from other tribes that can be read as chimiky'ana'kowa, such as those in Diné bahane': The Navajo Creation Story, where the seven sacred mountains are created to mark the world's boundaries in all three dimensions (Zolbrod: 1984, pp. 86-92) or where the sun is carefully positioned in the sky so that the earth is neither too warm nor too cold.

Such episodes belong to the vast body of what I call cosmogenic narratives that convey the basic perceptions of reality specific to a given culture, and that set forth the values that predicate each group's social organization. This, I think, helps in understanding why Tedlock remarks that the chimiky'ana'kowa "accounts for most...major features of...social

organization," and why "it is regarded as literally true" (Tedlock: 1983, p. 160). This framework also accounts for some of the functions of our own biblical narrative, not necessarily as prescribed doctrine, but as poetic narrative that helps shape ongoing values in western society, despite its increasing secularization.

Likewise, among all tribes there are numerous telapnaawe or stories which take place in the hardened phase of what the Zunis call the inoote, where cosmic and earthly creation is complete but where communication still occurs between the human and the greater-than-human. Trickster stories often fall into this category, as do certain etiological tales such as the chantway narratives of the Navajos. Coyote is a major participant in creating the soft world of the Navajo chimiky'ana'wa, to be sure. In one recorded sequence, for example, he helps to divide each day into periods of daylight and darkness (see Wyman: 1970, pp. 369-377). In another he scatters stars in the sky helter-skelter because he lacks the patience to adorn it with carefully-assembled constellations (Zolbrod: 1984, pp. 92-94). Once the world hardens into its present shape, though, Coyote remains a major actor in telapnaawe as well--not only in Navajo tradition but in those of other tribes--often interacting with humans whether to their detriment or benefit (see Luckert: 1979, 191-223; see Rothenberg, pp 89-94). Other supernaturals and animals interact with people in the hardening world of the telapnaawe, too, where a major trait remains the

communication that can occur between humans and other-than-human beings.

#### Endnotes

'Let me quote Tedlock (1987, p. 332) for some help in making this point, since his views most nearly match mine and since he capably places his observations beyond the restrictive postures of current literary theorists, few indeed of whom turn at all to nonliterate sources for their primary observations. In cultures like those of the Zuni or the Navajo, where oral traditions survive vibrantly, Tedlock writes, "a narrator, instead of describing a war god as pubescent, evokes that pubescence by giving the god a high and cracking voice. Suppose that instead of describing a character's tension over an uncertain outcome, the narrator evokes that tension by putting that character's actions into lines that dangle the action of a sentence over the brink of a pause before they reveal the result? And what if the narrator, instead declaring the words of a particular character to be important, uses pitch and amplitude to mark them out as a steep-sided acoustical promontory among gently rolling hills?"



## PART SIX. CONCLUSION

Once readers learn to recognize whether a particular selection is lyrical or colloquial; once they determine if it is dramatic or narrative and whether a dramatic work is a multi-voiced one or univocal; and once they can decide if the speaker or speakers address other mortals or non-mortal beings, that work's deep poetic appeal can overcome at least in part the distorting effects of translation, especially when it is graphically reworked the way that Rothenberg reworks some of the selections in Shaking the Pumpkin. Once the words are connected with a specific speaker, however, we can put the poem into a fixed locus relative to other poems. And once we recognize that the Zuni ahayuuta twins seek to bond with humans just as someone like the hunter is verbalizing a sense of kinship with his prey, we can grasp the nature of human relationships with a greater-than-human reality, and we are reading voices that have managed to survive drastic change and destructive incursions and that still have something to tell us. Such a "New World" legacy has as much to offer as the so-called Old World's Classical tradition or Biblical past.

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## PART EIGHT. APPENDICES

### Appendix A. From: How the World Began (Iroquois)

Beyond the dome we call the sky there is another world. There in the most ancient of times was a fair country where lived the great chief of the up-above-world and his people, the celestial beings. this chief had a wife who was very aged in body, having survived many seasons.

In that upper world there were many things of which men of today know nothing. This world floated like a great cloud and journeyed where the great chief wished it to go. The crust of that world was not thick, but more of these men beings knew what was under the crust.

In the center of that world there grew a great tree which bore flowers and fruit and all the people lived from the fruits of the tree and were satisfied. Now, moreover, the tree bore a great blossom at its top, and it was luminous and lighted the world above, and wonderful perfume filled the air which the people breathed. The rarest perfume of all was that which resembled the smoke of sacred tobacco and this was the incense greatly loved by the great chief. It grew from the leaves that sprouted from the roots of the tree.

The roots of the tree were white and ran in four directions. Far through the earth they ran, giving firm support to the tree. Around this tree the people gathered daily, for here the Great Chief had his lodge where he dwelt. Now, in a dream he was given a desire to take as his wife a certain maiden who was very fair to look upon. So, he took her as his wife for when he had embraced her he found her most pleasing. When he had eaten the marriage bread he took her to his lodge, and to his surprise found that she was with child. This caused him great anger and he felt himself deceived, but the woman loved the child, which had been conceived by the potent breath of her lover when he had embraced her. He was greatly distressed, for this fair Awe-ha-i was of the noblest family. It is she who is customarily called Iage-tci.

He, the Ancient One, fell into a troubled sleep and a dream commanded him to have the celestial tree uprooted as a punishment to his wife, and as a relief of his troubled spirit. So on the morrow he announced to his wife that he had a dream and could not be satisfied until it had been divined. Thereupon she "discovered his word," and it was that the tree should be uprooted.

"Truly you have spoken," said Ancient One, "and now my mind shall be satisfied." And the woman, his wife, saw that there was trouble ahead for the sky world, but she too found pleasure in the uprooting of the tree, wishing to know what was

beneath it. Yet did she know that to uproot the tree meant disaster for her, through the anger of Ancient One against her.

It so happened that the chief called all his people together and they endeavored to uproot the tree, it being deep-rooted and firm. Then did the chiefs grow even more angry for Iage-tci had cried out that calamity threatened and nobody would avert it. Then did the chief, himself embrace the tree and with a mighty effort uprooted it, throwing it far away. His effort, was tremendous, and in uprooting the tree he shook down fruits and leaves. Thereafter he went into his lodge and entered into the apartment where his wife, Iage-tci, lay moaning that she too must be satisfied by a look into the hole. So the chief led her to the hole made by uprooting the tree.

He caused her to seat herself on the edge of the hole and peer downward. Again his anger returned against her, for she said nothing to indicate that she had been satisfied. Long she sat looking into the hole until the chief in rage drew her blanket over her head and pushed her with his foot, seeking to thrust her into the hole, and be rid of her. As he did this she grasped the earth at her side and gathered in her fingers all manner of seeds that had fallen from the shaken tree. In her right hand she held the leaves of the plant that smelled like burning tobacco, for it grew from a root that had been broken off. Again the chief pushed the woman, whose curiosity had caused the destruction of the greatest blessing of the up-above-world. It was a mighty push, and despite her hold upon the plant and upon the ground, she fell into the hole.

Now, this hole had penetrated the crust of the upper world and when Iage-tci fell she went far down out of sight and the chief could not see her in the depths of the darkness below. As she fell she beheld a beast that emitted fire from its head whom she called Gaas'iondie't'ha', (Gahashondietoh). It is said that as she passed by him he took out a small pot, a corn mortar, a pestle, a marrow bone and an ear of corn and presented them to her, saying, "Because thou has thus done, thou shalt eat by these things, for there is nothing below, and all who eat shall see me once and it will be the last."

Now it is difficult to know how this Fire Beast can be seen for he is of the color of the wind and is of the color of anything that surrounds it, though some say he is pure white.

Hovering over the troubled waters below were other creatures, some like and some unlike those that were created afterward. It is said by the old people that in those times lived the spirit of Ga'ha' and of S'hagodiiove'gowa, of Hi'no and of Deiodasondaiko, (The Wind, the Defending Face, the Thunder and the Heavy Night.) There were also what seemed to be ducks upon the water and these also saw the descending figure.

The creature-beings knew that a new body was coming to them and that here below there was no abiding place to her. They took council together and sought to devise a way to provide for her.

It was agreed that the duck-creatures should receive her on their interknit wings and lower her gently to the surface below. The great turtle from the under-world was to arise and make his broad back a resting-place. It was as has been agreed and the woman came upon the floating island.

Then did the creatures seek to make a world for the woman and one by one they dove to the bottom of the water seeking to find earth to plant upon the turtle's back. A duck dived but went so far that it breathed the water and came up dead. A pickerel went down and came back dead. Many creatures sought to find the bottom of the water but could not. At last the creature called Muskrat made the attempt and only succeeded in touching the bottom with his nose but this was sufficient for he was enabled to smear it upon the shell and the earth immediately grew, and as the earth-substance increased so did the size of the turtle.

After a time the woman, who lay prone, aroused herself and released what was in her hands, dropping many seeds into the folds of her garment. Likewise she spread out the from the heaven world which she had grasped and thus caused the seeds to spring into germination as they dropped from her dress.

The root of the tree which she had grasped she sunk into the soil where she had fallen and this too began to grow until it formed a tree with all manner of fruits and flowers and bore a luminous orb at its top by which the new world became illuminated.

Now in due season the Sky-Woman lay beneath the tree and to her a daughter was born. She was then happy for she had a companion. Rapidly the girl child grew until very soon she could run about. It was then the custom of Ancient One to say: "My daughter, run about the island and return telling me what you have seen."

Day by day the girl ran around the island and each time it became larger, making her trips longer and longer. She observed that the earth was carpeted with grass and that shrubs and trees were springing up everywhere. This she reported to her mother, who sat beneath the centrally situated great tree.

In one part of the island there was a tree on which grew a long vine and upon this vine the girl was accustomed to swing for amusement and her body moved to and fro giving her great delight. then did her mother say, "My daughter you laugh as if being embraced by a lover. Have you seen a man?"

"I have seen no one but you, my mother," answered the girl, "but when I swing I know someone is close to me and I feel my body embraced as if with strong arms. I feel thrilled and I tingle, which causes me to laugh."

Then did the Sky-woman look sad, and she said, "My daughter, I know not now what will befall us. You are married to Ga'ha', and he will be the father of your children. There will be two boys."

In due season the voices of two boys were heard speaking, eia'da'gon, and the words of one were kind and he gave no

trouble, but the words of the other were harsh and he desired to kill his mother. His skin was covered with warts and boils and he was inclined to cause great pain.

When the two boys were born, Elder One made his mother happy but when Warty One was born he pierced her through the arm pit and stood upon her dead body. So did the mother perish, and because of this the Sky Woman wept.

The boys required little care but instantly became able to care for themselves. After the mother's body had been arranged for burial, the Sky Woman saw the Elder One whom she called Good Mind, approach, and he said, "Grandmother, I wish to help you prepare the grave." So he helped his grandmother who continually wept, and deposited the body of his mother in a grave. Thereupon did the grandmother speak to her daughter:

"Oh, my daughter," she said. "You have departed and made the first path to the world from which I came bringing your life. When you reach that homeland make ready to receive many beings from this place below, for I think the path will be trodden by many."

Good Mind watched at the grave of his mother and watered the earth above it until the grass grew. He continued to watch until he saw strange buds coming out of the ground.

Where the feet were the earth sprouted with a plant that became the stringed-potato, (onenno"da'i"we') where her fingers lay sprang the beans, where her abdomen lay sprang the squash, where her breasts lay sprang the corn plant, and from the spot above her forehead sprang the tobacco plant.

Now the warty one was named Evil Mind, and he neglected his mother's grave and spent his time tearing up the land and seeking to do evil.

When the grandmother saw the plants springing from the grave of her daughter and cared for by Good Mind she was thankful and said, "By these things we shall hereafter live, and they shall be cooked in pots with fire, and the corn shall be your milk and sustain you. You shall make the corn grow in hills like breasts, for from the corn shall flow our living."

Then the Grandmother, the Sky Woman, took Good Mind about the island and instructed him now to produce plants and trees. So he spoke to the earth and said, "Let a willow here come forth," and it came. In a like manner he made the oak, the chestnut, the beech, the hemlock, the spruce, the pine, the maple, the button-ball, the tulip, the elm and many other trees that should become useful.

With a jealous stomach the Evil Mind followed behind and sought to destroy the good things but could not, so he spoke to the earth and said: "Briars come forth," and they came forth. Likewise he created poisonous plants and thorns upon bushes.

Upon a certain occasion Good Mind made inquiries of his Grandmother, asking where his father dwelt. Then did the Sky Woman say: "You shall now seek your father. He lives to the uttermost east and you shall go to the far eastern end of the island and go over the water until you behold a mountain rising



from the sea. You shall walk up the mountain and there you will find your father seated upon the top."

Good Mind made the pilgrimage and came to the mountain. At the foot of the mountain he looked upward and called, "My father, where art thou?" And a great voice sounded the word: "A son of mine shall cast the cliff from the mountain's edge to the summit of his peak." Good Mind grasped the cliff and with a mighty effort flung it to the mountain top. Again he cried, "My father, where art thou?" the answer came, "A son of mine shall swim the cataract from the pool below to the top." Good Mind leaped into the falls and swam upward to the top where the water poured over. He stood there and cried again, "My father, where art thou?" the voice answered, "A son of mine shall wrestle with the wind." so, there at the edge of a terrifying precipice Good Mind grappled with Wind and the two wrestled, each endeavoring to throw the other over. It was a terrible battle and the Wind tore great rocks from the mountain side and lashed the water below, but Good Mind overcame wind, and he departed moaning in defeat. Once more Good Mind called. "My father, where art thou?" In awesome tones the voice replied, "A son of mine shall endure the flame," and immediately a flame sprang out of the mountain side and enveloped Good Mind. It blinded him and tortured him with its cruel heat, but he threw aside its entwining arms and ran to the mountain top where he beheld a being sitting in the midst of a blaze of light.

"I am thy father," said the voice. "Thou art my son."

"I have come to receive power," said the son. "I wish to rule all things on the earth."

"You have power," answered the father. "You have conquered. I give to you the bags of life, the containers of living creatures that will bless the earth."

Thus did the father and son counsel together and the son learned many things that he should do. He learned how to avoid the attractive path that descended to the place of the cave where Hanishe'ono' dwells.

Now the father said, "How did you come to find me, seeing I am secluded by many elements?"

The Good Mind answered, "When I was about to start my journey Sky Woman, my grandmother, gave me a flute and I blew upon it, making music. Now, when the music ceased the flute spoke to me, saying, "This way shalt thou go," and I continued to make music and the voice of the flute spoke to me."

Then did the father say, "Make music by the flute and listen, then shalt thou continue to know the right direction."

In course of time Good Mind went down the mountain and he waded the sea, taking with him the bags with which he had been presented. As he drew near the shore he became curious to know what was within, and he pinched one bag hoping to feel its contents. He felt a movement inside which increased until it became violent. The bag began to roll about on his back until he could scarcely hold it and a portion of the mouth of the bag slipped from his hand. Immediately the things inside began to

jump out and fall into the water with a great splash, and they were water animals of different kinds. The other bag began to roll around on his back but he held on tightly until he could do so no more, when a portion of the mouth slipped and out flew many kinds of birds, some flying seaward and others inland toward the trees. Then as before the third bag began to roll about but he held on very tight, but it slipped and fell into the water and many kinds of swimming creatures rushed forth, fishes, crabs, and eels. The fourth bag then began to roll about, but he held on until he reached the land when he threw it down, and out rushed all the good land animals, of kinds he did not know. From the bird bag had come good insects, and from the fish bag had also come little turtles and clams.

When Good Mind came to his grandmother beneath the tree she asked what he had brought, for she heard music in the trees and saw creatures scampering about. Thereupon Good Mind related what had happened, and Sky Woman said, "We must now call all the animals and discover their names, and moreover we must so treat them that they will have fat."

So then she spoke, "Cavity be in the ground and be filled with oil." The pool of oil came, for Sky Woman had the power of creating what she desired. Good Mind then caught the animals one by one and brought them to his grandmother. She took a large furry animal and cast it into the pool and it swam very slowly across, licking up much oil. "This animal shall hereafter be known as niagwaih, (bear) and you shall be very fat." Next came another animal with much fur and it swam across and licked up the oil, and it was named degiia'go", (buffalo). So in turn were named the elk, the moose, the badger, the woodchuck, and the raccoon, and all received much fat. Then came the beaver (na'ga'nia'go'), the porcupine and the skunk. Now Good Mind wished the deer to enter but it was shy and bounded away, whereupon he took a small arrow and pierced its front leg, his aim being good. Then the deer came and swam across the pool and oil entered the wound and healed it. This oil of the deer's leg is a medicine for wounds to this day and if the eyes are anointed with it one may shoot straight.

Again other animals came and one by one they were named weasel, mink, otter, fisher, panther, lynx, wild cat, fox, wolf, big wolf, squirrel, chipmunk, mole, and many others.

And many animals that were not desired plunged into the pool of oil, and these Good Mind seized as they came out and he stripped them of their fat and pulled out their bodies long. So he did to the otter, fisher, weasel and mink. So he did to the panther, wolf, big wolf, and fox, the lynx and the wildcat. Of these the fat to this day is not good tasting. But after a time Evil Mind secured a bag of creatures from the road to the Cave and unloosed it, and evil things crawled into the pool and grew fat. So did the rattlesnake and great bugs and loathly worms.

Thus did Evil Mind secure many evil monsters and insects, and he enticed good animals into his traps and perverted them and

gave them appetites for men-beings. He was delighted to see how fierce he could make the animals, and set them to quarreling.

He roamed about visiting the streams of pure water made by Good Mind and filling them with mud and slime, and he kicked rocks in the rivers and creeks to make passage difficult, and he planted nettles and thorns in the paths. Thus did he do to cause annoyance.

Now Good Mind sat with his grandmother beneath the tree of light and he spoke to her of the world and how he might improve it. "Alas," said she, "I believe that only one more task awaits me and then I shall go upon my path and follow your mother back to the world beyond the sky. It remains for me to call into being certain lights in the blackness above where Heavy Night presides."

So saying she threw the contents of a bag into the sky and it quickly became sprinkled with stars. And thus there came into being constellations (haditgwa'da'), and of these we see the bear chase, the dancing brothers, the seated woman, the beaver skin, the belt, and many others.

Now it seems that Good Mind knew that there should be a luminous orb and so, it is said, he took his mother's face and flung it skyward and made the sun, and took his mother's breast and flinging it into the sky made the moon. So it is said, but there are other accounts of the creation of these lights. It is said that the first beings made them by going into the sky.

Shortly after the creation of the stars (gadji'so'da'), the grandmother said unto Good Mind, "I believe that the time has come when I should depart, for nearly all is finished here. There is a road from my feet and I have a song which I shall sing by which I shall know the path. There is one more matter that troubles me for I see that your brother is jealous and will seek to kill you. Use great care that you overcome him and when you have done so confine him in the cave and send with him the evil spirit beasts, lest they injure men."

When morning came the Sky Woman had departed and her journey was toward the sky world.

Good Mind felt lonely and believed that his own mission was about at end. He had been in conflict with his brother, Evil Mind, and had sought, moreover, to overcome and to teach the Whirlwind and Wind, and the Fire Beast.

Soon Evil Mind came proposing a hunting trip and Good Mind went with him on the journey. When they had gone a certain distance the Evil Mind said, "My elder brother, I perceive that you are about to call forth men-beings who shall live on the island that we here have inhabited. I propose to afflict them with disease and to make life difficult, for this is not their world but mine, and I shall do so as I please to spoil it."

Then did Good Mind answer and say, "Verily, I am about to make man-beings who shall live here when I depart, for I am going to follow the road skyward made first by my mother."

"This is good news," answered Evil Mind. "I propose that you then reveal unto me the word that has power over your life, that I may possess it and have power when you are gone."

Good Mind now saw that his brother wished to destroy him, and so he said, "it may happen that you will employ the cat-tail flag, whose sharp leaves will pierce me."

Good Mind then lay down and slumbered, but soon was awakened by Evil Mind who was lashing him with cat-tail flags, and yelling loudly, "Thou shalt die." Good Mind arose and asked his brother what he meant by lashing him and he answered, "I was seeking to awaken you from a dream, for you were speaking."

So, soon again the brother, Evil Mind, asked, "My brother, I wish to know the word that has power over you." And Good Mind perceiving his intention answered. "It may be that deer-horns will have power over me; they are sharp and hard."

Soon Good Mind slept again and was awakened by Evil Mind beating him with deer-horns, seeking to destroy him. They rushed inland to the foot of the tree and fought each other about it. Evil Mind was very fierce and rushed at his brother thrusting the horns at him and trying to pierce his chest, his face or tear his abdomen. Finally, Good Mind disarmed him, saying, "Look what you have done to the tree where Ancient One was wont to care for us, and whose branches have supplied us with food. See how you have torn this tree and stripped it of its valuable products. This tree was designed to support the life of men-beings and now you have injured it. I must banish you to the region of the great cave and you shall have the name of Destroyer."

So saying he used his good power to overcome Evil Mind's otgont (evil power) and thrust it into the mouth of the cave, and with him all manner of enchanted beasts. There he placed the white buffalo, the poison beaver, the poison otter, snakes and many bewitched things that were otgont. So there to this day abides Evil Mind seeking to emerge, and his voice is heard giving orders.

Then Good Mind went back to the tree and soon saw a being walking about. He walked over to the place where the being was pacing to and for. He saw that it was S'hagodiwe'gowa, who was a giant with a grotesque face. "I am master of the earth," roared this being (called also Great Defender), for he was the whirlwind. "If you are master," said Good Mind, "prove your power."

Defender said, "What shall be our test?"

"Let this be the test," said Good Mind. "that the mountain yonder shall approach us at your bidding."

So Defender spoke saying, "Mountain, come hither." And they turned their backs that they might not see it coming until it stood at their backs. Soon they turned about again and the mountain had not moved.

"So now, I shall command," said Good Mind, and he spoke saying, "Mountain, come hither," and they turned their backs. There was a rushing of air and Defender turned to see what was

behind him and fell against the onrushing mountain, and it bent his nose and twisted his mouth, and from this he never recovered.

Then did Defender say, "I do now acknowledge you to be master. Command me and I will obey."

"Since you love to wander," said Good Mind, "it shall be your duty to move about over the earth and stir up things. You shall abandon your evil intentions and seek to overcome your otgont nature, changing it to be of benefit to man-beings, whom I am about to create."

"Then," said Defender, "shall man-beings offer incense tobacco to me and make a song that is pleasing to me, and they shall carve my likeness from the substance of trees, and my orenda will enter the likeness of my face and it shall be a help to men-beings and they shall use the face as I shall direct. Then shall all the diseases that I may cause depart and I shall be satisfied."

Again Good Mind wandered, being melancholy. Looking up he saw another being approaching.

"I am Thunder," said the bring.

"What can you do to be a help to me?" asked Good Mind.

"I can wash the earth and make drink for the trees and grass," said Thunder.

"What can you do to be a benefit to the men-beings I am about to create?" asked Good Mind.

"I shall slay evil monsters when they escape from the underworld," said Thunder. "I shall have scouts who will notify me and I shall shoot all otgont beings."

Then was Good Mind satisfied, and he pulled up a tree and saw the water fill the cavity where the roots had been. Long he gazed into the water until he saw a reflection of his own image. "Like unto that will I make men-beings," he thought. So then he took clay and molded it into small images of men and women. These he placed on the ground and when they were dry he spoke to them and they sprang up and lived.

When he saw them he said unto them, "All this world I give unto you. It is from me that you shall say you are descended and you are the children of the first-born of earth, and you shall say that you are the flesh of Iage'tci, she the Ancient Bodied One.

When he had acquainted them with the other first beings, and shown them how to hunt and fish and to eat of the fruits of the land, he told them that they should seek to live together as friends and brothers and that they should treat each other well.

He told them how to give incense of tobacco for, Awe'hai', Ancient Bodied One, had stripped the heaven world of tobacco when she fell, and thus its incense should be a pleasing one into which men-beings might speak their words when addressing him hereafter. these and many other things did he tell them.

Soon he vanished from the sight of created men beings, and he took all the first beings with him upon the sky road.

Soon men-beings began to increase and they covered the earth, and from them we are descended. Many things have happened since those days, so much that all can never be told.

Appendix B. From: The Legend of Deganawidah (Iroquois)

I Am Deganawidah

DEGANAWIDAH is said to have been born at a Huron settlement, Tkahaanaye, on the north shore of Lake Ontario not far from the site of the modern Kingston, Ontario.

Before his birth the name of the child was disclosed to his grandmother, as was the way among the Iroquois, in a dream.

A messenger from the Great Spirit stood before the grandmother and said:

"It is the will of the Master of Life, the Holder of the Heavens, that thy daughter, a virgin, shall bear a child. He shall be called Deganawidah, the Master of Things, for he brings with him the Goods News of Peace and Power. Care for him well, thou and thy daughter, for he has a great office to perform in the world."

"What is the child's office to be?" asked the grandmother.

"His office is to bring peace and life to the people on earth," replied the messenger. "After he is grown to manhood, see that thou place no obstacle in his way when he desires to leave home to spread the New Mind among the nations."

So when Deganawidah was become a man, he said one day to his mother and grandmother:

"I shall now build my canoe, for the time has come for me to set out on my mission in the world. Know that far away, on lakes and many rivers, I go seeking the council smoke of nations beyond this lake, holding my course toward the sunrise. It is my business to stop the shedding of blood among human beings."

When he had built his canoe and, with the help of his mother and grandmother, had brought it to the water, he bade them farewell.

"Do not look for me to return," he said, "for I shall not come again this way. Should you wish to know if all is well with me, go to the hilltop yonder where stands a single tree. Cut at the tree with your hatchets, and, if blood flows from the wound, you will know that I have perished and my work has failed. But if no blood flows, all is well, my mission is successful."

"But the canoe is made of stone," said his grandmother. "It will not float."

"It will float," replied Deganawidah. "This shall be a sign that my words are true."

He entered the canoe, and it moved swiftly out into the Lake.

Deganawidah crossed Lake Ontario (Sganyadaii-yo, the Beautiful Great Lake) and approached the land of the Iroquois. As the shore line took form to his eyes, he scanned it for signs of ascending smoke, but saw none; for indeed the settlements at that time were all back among the hills, whose steep sides offered protection to stockaded villages against their enemies. Those

were evil days, for the five Iroquois peoples were all at war with one another, and made themselves an easy prey to their fierce Algonquin enemies, the Adirondacks, who came down on them from what is now northern New England, and the Wolves or Mahicans of Hudson's River who assailed them on the east.

As Deganawidah neared the land, he saw the figures of men, small in the distance, running along the shore; for some hunters had seen a sparkle of light from the white stone canoe and ran to see what it could be. Whereupon Deganawidah turned his canoe toward them, and, making land swiftly, beached the canoe and climbed the bank and stood before them.

Looking about him, he saw that the region was bare of cornfields.

"Is there no settlement here?" he asked.

"No," they replied.

"Then what has brought you to this desolate place?"

"We are hunters," they said. "We have come away from our hill settlement because there is strife in it."

"Go back to your settlement," said Deganawidah. "Tell your chief that the Good News of Peace and Power has come, and that there will be no more strife in his village. If he asks whence peace is to come, say to him, 'It will come.'"

"Who art thou that speakest thus to us?"

"I am Deganawidah," he replied. "I come from the west and I go toward the sunrise. I am called Deganawidah in the world."

When he turned and went down the bank to enter his canoe, the men wondered as they looked, for they saw that the canoe was made of white stone.

The hunters, returning to the settlement as Deganawidah had bidden them, went to their chief and said to him, "The Good News of Peace and Power has come."

"What is this you are saying?" said the chief.

"There will be no more strife in the settlement."

"Who told you this?"

"They replied, 'He is called Deganawidah in the world.'"

"Where did you see him?"

"On the Beautiful Great Lake. He came from the west and he goes toward the sunrise. His canoe is made of white stone and it moves swiftly."

Then the chief began to wonder at the news. His town was at war, and his people within the stockades were hungry and quarrelling among themselves.

"Whence can peace come?" he said.

They replied, "It will come."

Then said the chief: "Truly this is a wonderful thing. Such news of itself will bring peace to the settlement if once men believe it. All will be glad and at ease in their minds to know that this thing will be."

So Deganawidah passed from settlement to settlement, finding that men desired peace and would practise it if they knew for a certainty that others would practise it, too.



But first, after leaving the hunters, Deganawidah sought the house of a certain woman who lived by the warriors' path which passed between the east and the west.

When Deganawidah arrived, the woman placed food before him and, after he had eaten, asked him his message.

"I carry the Mind of the Master of Life," he replied, "and my message will bring an end to the wars between east and west."

"How will this be?" asked the woman, who wondered at his words, for it was her custom to feed the warriors passing before her door on their way between the east and the west.

"The Word that I bring," he said, "is that all peoples shall love one another and live together in peace. This message has three parts: Righteousness and Health and Power-Gaiwoh, Skenon, Gashasdenshaa. And each part has two branches.

"Righteousness means justice practised between men and between nations; it means also a desire to see justice prevail.

"Health means soundness of mind and body; it also means peace, for that is what comes when minds are sane and bodies cared for.

"Power means authority, the authority of law and custom, backed by such force as is necessary to make justice prevail; it means also religion, for justice enforced is the will of the Holder of the Heavens and has his sanction."

"Thy message is good," said the woman; "but a word is nothing until it is given form and set to work in the world. What form shall this message take when it comes to dwell among men?"

"It will take the form of the longhouse," replied Deganawidah, "in which there are many fires, one for each family, yet all live as one household under one chief mother. Hereabouts are five nations, each with its own council fire, yet they shall live together as one household in peace. They shall be the Kanonsionni, the Longhouse. They shall have one mind and live under one law. Thinking shall replace killing, and there shall be one commonwealth."

"That is indeed a good message," said the woman. "I take hold of it. I embrace it."

"Now it shall come to pass in that Longhouse," said Deganawidah, "that the women shall possess the titles of chiefship. They shall name the chiefs. That is because thou, my mother, wert the first to accept the Good News of Peace and Power. Henceforth thou shalt be called Jigonhsasee, New Face, for thy countenance evinces the New Mind, and thou shalt be known as the Mother of Nations."

Then Jigonhsasee said: "I am a woman and do not make war. But the work I do is to feed the warriors passing my door on their way between east and west. They, too, must accept the New Mind or there will be no end to killing. Where wilt thou first take thy message?"

"I go toward the sunrise," replied Deganawidah.

"The direction thou takest is dangerous," said Jigonhsasee. "That way stands the house of a man who eats humans."

"That is the business I go about," said Deganawidah, "to bring such evils to an end, so that all men may go about from place to place without fear.

### Hiawatha Sees Himself

WHEN Deganawidah came to the house of the "man who eats humans," he climbed to the roof and lay flat on his chest beside the smoke hole. There he waited until the man came home carrying a human body, which he put in his kettle on the fire. Deganawidah moved closer and looked straight down.

At that moment the man bent over the kettle. Seeing a face looking up at him, he was amazed. It was Deganawidah's face he saw reflected in the water, but the man thought it was his own. There was in it such wisdom and strength as he had never seen before nor ever dreamed that he possessed.

The man moved back into a corner of the house, and sat down and began to think.

"This is a most wonderful thing," he said. "Such a thing has never happened before as long as I have lived in this house. I did not know I was like that. It was a great man who looked at me out of the kettle. I shall look again and make sure that what I have seen is true."

He went over to the kettle, and there again was the face of a great man looking up at him.

"It is true," he said. "It is my own face in which I see wisdom and righteousness and strength. But it is not the face of a man who eats humans. I see that it is not like me to do that."

He took the kettle out of the house, and emptied it by the roots of an upturned tree.

"Now I have changed my habits," he said. "I no longer kill humans and eat their flesh. But that is not enough. The mind is more difficult to change. I cannot forget the suffering I have caused, and I am become miserable."

Then the man felt his loneliness and said, "Perhaps someone will come here, some stranger it may be, who will tell me what I must do to make amends for all the human beings I have made to suffer."

When he returned to the house, he met Deganawidah, who had climbed down from the roof, and they entered and sat down across the fire from each other.

"Today I have seen a strange thing," said the man. "I saw a face looking at me out of the kettle in this house where I live. It was my own face, but it was not the face of the man who has lived here. It was a face of a great man, but I am become miserable."

"Truly," said Deganawidah, "what has happened this day makes a wonderful story. Thou hast changed the very pattern of thy life. The New Mind has come to thee, namely Righteousness and Health and Power. And thou art miserable because the New Mind does not live at ease with old memories. Heal thy memories by

working to make justice prevail. Bring peace to those places where thou hast done injury to man. Thou shalt work with me in advancing the Good News of Peace and Power."

"That is a good message," said the man. "I take hold, I grasp it. Now what work is there for us both to do?"

"First let us eat together," said Deganawidah. "I will go into the woods for our food. Do thou go to the stream and fetch water for the kettle. But be careful. Dip with the current. One must never go against the forces of nature."

When Deganawidah came back from the woods, he bore on his shoulders a deer with large antlers.

"It is on the flesh of the deer," said Deganawidah, "that the Holder of the Heavens meant men to feed themselves, and the deer's antlers shall be placed on their heads. Great men shall wear the antlers of authority, and by these emblems all men shall know those who administer the new order of Peace and Power which I am come to establish."

"What will this new order be called?" asked the man.

"When it is completed," replied Deganawidah, "it will be called by these names: Kanonsionni, the Longhouse, the League; and Kayanerenhkowa, the Great Peace, or the Great Law. Men shall live together in one community, as in the longhouse, and they shall live in peace because they live under one law."

Now not far from that place there lived a chief of the Onondagas named Atotarho who was a great wizard and evil. He was so cruel that he killed and devoured all men who approached him uninvited, and so strong that the birds flying over his lodge fell dead at his feet if he waved his arms. He had a twisted body and a twisted mind and his hair was a mass of tangled snakes. No man liked to see him, and the sound of his voice carried terror through the land; but his power was mighty, and Deganawidah knew that the cause of peace could not be completed without him.

"Thou shalt visit this man Atotarho," said Deganawidah, "for he is of thy people, the Onondagas. He is ugly, but we need him. When he asks thee for thy message, say, 'It is Righteousness and Health, and when men take hold of it they will stop killing one another and live in peace.'

"He will not listen to thee, but drive thee away. Yet thou shalt come to him again and at last prevail. thou shalt be called Hiawatha, He Who Combs, for thou shalt comb the snakes out of Atotarho's hair."

Appendix C. From: The Ritual of Condolence (Iroquois)

The First Article/ Tears, or One's Eyes

Oh, my offspring, lo, verily, this present day, such as is this day in kind and aspect, He Himself, He the Finisher of Our Faculties, He the Master of All, has made. Even He has prepared the light of this day, such as it is.

Now therefore, they who are customarily called the Three Brothers are journeying along the path of the Ritual as it was prepared for us by our forefathers upon whom our minds rested in confidence.

It is that, therefore, that brings their persons here, the calamity, so hopeless and dreadful, which has befallen thy person, this one (indicating), thou whom I have held in my bosom, thou noble one, the two of you who are the Two Brothers.

It is that, therefore, as to that, verily, this present day, I thrust aside the door-flap from the place where thou art lying as an object that is black; it is that in the midst of great darkness thou art sitting too prone in grief, thy back alone visible in the thick darkness. Thou whom I have weaned.

It is that, therefore, that I shall stoop low there at the edge of thy ash-pit, grasping my knees, and that, therefore, I shall utter such words that I shall with them soothe and appease by caresses any displeasure of thy guardian spirit.

It is that, therefore, that I come for the sake of my Offspring.

It is that, therefore, that this present day, we, thou and I, seat ourselves side by side, and that, therefore, it is here in the very midst of very many tears.

It is that, therefore, that the cause of it, indeed, is the dreadful thing that has stricken thy person, this on (indicating), thou noble one whom I have been wont to hold in my bosom.

It is that, therefore, that now today has been caused to be vacant the seat of husk matting, the

place whereon he who was a co-worker with thee,  
and upon whom rested the eyes of the wise minds  
in full confidence, was wont to be seated.

It is that, therefore, that has caused it to be so,  
the being that is demonic in itself, the being that is  
faceless because its lineaments were unknown to our ancestors,  
the Great Destroyer that it is,  
which every day and every night roams about  
with its weapon couched, yea, uplifted, at the  
very tops of our heads, wherein it and its kind  
desire it, and so they severally boast, "It is I, I will  
destroy all things, even the Commonwealth of  
the League."

It is that, therefore, that there it delivered a vital  
stroke whereby it snatched away from thee one in  
whom thou didst trust for words of wisdom and  
comfort; and now in his turn it has borne him  
away, it may be indeed, to the place unknown.  
Now, therefore, today, thou dwell amidst many  
tears.

It is that, therefore, Oh thou my offspring, thou  
yaanehr, thou Federal Chief, are not thy Father's  
blood-kin, the Three Brothers, making their  
preparations? And now, therefore, let them say,  
"Now do we pass our hands through thy tears in  
sympathy; now, we wipe away the tears from thy  
face, using the white fawn-skin of pity." Now,  
therefore, let them say, "We have wiped away thy  
tears." Now, therefore, in peace of mind, thou  
wilt continue to look around thyself, enjoying  
again the light of the day. Now, also, thou wilt again  
behold what is taking place on the earth, whereon  
is outspread the handiwork of the Master of All  
Things. Now also thou wilt again see thy  
sister's sons and daughters, thy nephews and  
nieces, as they move about thy person, even to  
the least of them, the infants. Now, thou wilt see  
them all again.

Now, therefore verily, thou wilt again do your  
thinking in peace, this one, my offspring, thou  
yaanehr, thou whom I have been wont to hold in  
my bosom.

Enough, therefore, verily, that even for one brief  
day, also in peace, mayst thou do thy thinking.

Thus, perhaps, let them do, the Three Brothers,  
who had been so called ever since the

establishment of their affairs, since the institution of the Great League.

Now, therefore, do thou know, this one, my weanling, that now the Word, the attesting wampum, of thy adonni is on its way hence to thee.

A messenger for the orator takes the strand just "read" and carries it across the fire to the opposite side, where it is draped over a horizontal pole belonging to the mourners. The clearminded orator now takes the second strand:

#### The Second Article/ Ears, or Hearing

Oh, my offspring, there is a different matter, and we will say as we continue to speak that it comes to pass where a great calamity has befallen one's person that the passages of the ears become obstructed and the hearing is lost. One then hears not the sounds made by mankind, nothing of what is taking place on the earth.

It is that, therefore, that this dreadful thing has indeed befallen thy person, thou my weanling, thou, you Two Brothers, thou yaanehr, thou Federal Chief.

Is it not then true that what has befallen thy person is so calamitous that it must not be neglected? Indeed, now thou hearst nothing of the sounds made by mankind as they move to and fro about thy person, nor anything of what is taking place on the earth. Now, therefore, let the Three Brothers say, "We have made our preparations, and so we proceed to restore thy person by removing the obstacles obstructing the passages of thy ears." Now, therefore, thou wilt again hear when one will address words to thee on whatever matter it may be, words which may be directed to thee personally, thou yaanehr, and next in order, the sounds made by thy sister's sons and daughters, thy nephews and nieces, moving around thy person. Now, thou wilt again hear all things, also all that is taking place on the earth, all these things thou wilt again hear. And, now, also thou wilt be able to hear clearly when we Three Brothers address you ceremonially in the Chief Place.

It is that, therefore, that we do this that even for

one brief day, also in peace, mayst thou do thy thinking, thou, my offspring, thou yaanehr, thou, my weanling.

Thus, perhaps, let them do, the Three Brothers, who had been so denominated ever since the establishment of their affairs, since the institution of the League.

Now, therefore,, do thou know, this one, my weanling, that now the Word, the attesting wampum, of thy adonni is on its way hence to thee.

As the messenger delivers the second strand, the orator continues with the third:

#### The Third Article/ Throat

Oh, my offspring, there is still another matter to be considered now, and we will say, as we continue speaking, that it comes to pass where a great misfortune has befallen a person, where the Great Destroyer has been harshly cruel, that the throat of the flesh-body becomes sorely obstructed, so that then it is plainly to be seen that the vitality of the person's life has become lessened, also that of the mind of that person.

Verily, therefore, this has happened to thy person, this one (indicating), my offspring, thou yaanehr, thou whom I have been wont to hold in my bosom.

Is it not then the fact that what has befallen thy person is so dreadful that it must not be neglected? Is it not true that thy flesh-body has become choked up? Now, verily, thou canst breathe only with great difficulty, also thou art not able to say anything except in distress. Now, therefore, surely the powers of thy life are greatly weakened by it.

Now, then, verily, let the Three Brothers declare: We have now made our preparations, and now, therefore, we remove from thy throat of thy flesh-body again the throttling obstructions. Now, verily, again thou wilt breathe with ease and comfort, and now, too, thou wilt again move thy members with ease. Now, too, thou wilt again speak with pleasure when soon we, thou

and I, will mutually greet each other in the Chief Place.

It is that, therefore, that we do this, that even for one brief day, and also in perfect peace, mayst thou do thy thinking, thou my offspring, thou yaanehr, this one (indicating), whom I have been wont to hold in my bosom.

In this manner, perhaps, let the Three Brothers, so denominated ever since the time they had established their Commonwealth, do this.

Now, therefore, my weanling, know it, that the Word, the attesting wampum. of thy Father's Kinsmen is on its way hence to thee.

This is the sum of our words at this place.

When the third strand has been delivered, an orator for the mourners confirms all three articles by reading them back across the fire, repeating the speeches verbatim, but prefacing each with the words "You said." This done, he makes some such announcement as the following:

Now we have we completed it. The preliminary words are over. We both have rubbed down each other's bodies. Everything on our side is now ready; they shall take you by the arm and lead you to the principal bench, and there shall one seat you in the place where the entire business will be carried to a conclusion, as many matters as remain for us. Thus the appointed warrior chief will take you by the arm there and he will place you where benches have been prepared for you.

Two of the mourners, designated "warrior chiefs," stand abreast facing the village. The singer and the crier for the clearminded fall in directly behind them, followed by the remainder of the chiefs and their party. The "warriors" give the signal:

Now let us proceed.

As they began to move, the singer resumes the Eulogy, picking up where he had left off. (He is nearly halfway through the roll of the fourteen Onondaga founders, with eight more to go. See above.)

Then his son: he is the great Wolf. There were combined the many minds! Now hearken!  
Thou who wert ruler, Hononwirehdonh!



Refrain/ That was the roll of you,  
You who were joined in the work,  
You who completed the work,  
The Great League.

Continue to listen! These were his uncles, of the  
two clans : thou who wert ruler,  
Kawenenseaghtonh!  
Continue to listen! Thou who wert ruler,  
Hahhiahonh!

Continue to listen! These were as brothers  
thenceforth: thou who wert ruler,  
Hohyunhnyennih!  
Continue to listen! Thou who wert ruler!  
Shotehwaseh!  
Continue to listen! Thou who wert ruler,  
Shahkohkenneh!

This befell in ancient times. They had their  
children, those the two clans.  
He the high chief: now hearken! Thou who wert  
ruler, Sahhahwih!  
This put away the clouds: he was a war chief;  
he was a high chief-acting in either office:  
continue to listen! Thou who wert ruler,  
Skahnahwahtih!

Skahnyahteihyuh; and then again his cousin,  
Shahtekahenhyesh; and then in later times  
additions were made to the great edifice.

The chanter yields to the clearminded orator, who resumes the  
Requickenings Address. The remaining strands of wampum-one  
for each article of the Requickening-lie draped over a horizontal  
cane set up on the Three Brothers' side of the house. The orator  
takes up the fourth stand:

#### The Fourth Article/ Within His Breast

Oh, my off spring, now there is still another  
thing that ever occurs wherever and whenever a  
great calamity has befallen a person; verily, this  
affliction comes when the being demonic of itself,  
the Faceless One, the lineaments of whose face  
our ancestors failed to discern, the Great  
Destroyer, puts forth excessive ferocity against  
one.

It is ever true that the organs within the breast and the flesh-body are disordered and violently wrenched without ceasing, and so also is the mind. Now, verily, therefore, there always develop yellow spots within the body. Verily, now, the life forces of the sufferer always become weakened thereby. This ever takes place when the Great Destroyer puts forth excessive ferocity against one in causing such great affliction.

Oh, my offspring, thou art now such a sufferer.

Oh, my offspring verily, in this manner too thou hast suffered this affliction, this one (indicating), thou yaanehr, thou Federal Chief.

Is not what has befallen thee then so dreadful that is must not be neglected? For, at the present time, there are wrenchings without ceasing within thy breast, and also within thy mind. Now truly, the disorder now among the organs within thy breast is such that nothing can be clearly discerned. So great has been the affliction that has befallen thee that yellow spots have developed within thy body, and truly thy life forces have become greatly weakened thereby; truly thou dost now suffer.

It is that, therefore, that in ancient times it thus came to pass that the hodiyaanehshon, the Federal Chiefs, our grandsires, made a formal rule, saying, "Let us unite our affairs; let us formulate regulations; let us ordain this among others that what we shall prepare we will designate by the name Water-of-pity, which shall be the essential thing to be used where Death has caused this dreadful affliction, including bitter grief."

And so, in whatever place it may be that such a tragedy will befall a person, it shall be the duty of him whose mind is left unscathed by it to take up and make use of the Water-of-pity, so denominated by us, by taking it in hand, and then pouring it down the throat of the one on whom the great affliction has fallen; and, it shall be that when the Water-of-pity shall have permeated the inside of his body, it will at once begin the work of reorganizing all the many things there which have been disarranged and disordered by the shock of the death, not only in his body but also in his mind; and it will also remove utterly all the yellow gall spots from his

throat and from the inside of his body.

Oh, offspring, this great tragedy has befallen thee too. Do thou know it, therefore, that now the Three Brothers, so called from the beginning, have made their preparations. Now, verily, therefore, they take up the Water-of-pity and now, then, let them say, "We now pour into the body the Water-of-pity." Oh, my offspring, it shall, therefore, come to pass when this Water-of-pity settles down in thy body it shall at once begin the work of restoring to order the organs which have been disarranged and disordered in thy body, and will bring order to thy mind also; all things will be restored and readjusted, and also all the yellow spots in the body will be severally cleared away from thy body; now, therefore, all things shall be in good condition as to the powers of thy life. Then, therefore, there will be health and comfort in thy life.

Thus, therefore, for one brief little day mayst thou think thy thoughts in peace, thou noble one, thou yaanehr, whom I have been wont to hold in my bosom.

In this manner, then, perhaps, let the Three Brothers, so denominated ever since they established their Commonwealth, expedite this matter.

Now, therefore, do thou know it, thou noble one, thou whom I have been wont to hold in my bosom, thou yaanehr, thou Federal Chief, that the Word, the attesting wampum, of thy adonni is now on its way hence to thee.

A message takes the attesting wampum and brings it over to where it is received on a cane set up by the Two Brothers. The remaining strands are read across to the mourners in like manner:

#### The Fifth Article/ The Bloody Husk-Mat Bed

Now, oh, my offspring, there is still another matter to be considered at this time. It is this, that it invariably comes to pass, where a great calamity has befallen a person, that a trail of blood is smeared over the husk-mat couch of that person; now invariably, of course, that one's place of rest is not at all pleasant--sitting

cross-legged in wretchedness.

Thus, therefore, art thou stricken in thy person in this very manner, oh, my offspring, whom I have been wont to hold in my bosom, thou noble one, thou yaanehr, thou Federal Chief. Is not then what has befallen thy person so dreadful that it must not be neglected? Now, at this time is there not a trail of blood smeared over thy husk-mat couch? Today, thou dost writhe in the midst of blood.

Now, therefore, do thou know it, that the Three Brothers have made their preparations, now, therefore, let them say it, "Now, then, we wipe away the several bloody smears from thy husk-mat resting place. Moreover, we have employed the skin of the spotted fawn, the words of pity and comfort, to wipe away the bloody trails."

It will, moreover, come to pass that on whatever future day that our minds shall be parted, one from the other, and that when thou wilt return to thy mat, it will be in the, fullness of peace, and it will be spread out in contentment, when thou wilt again sit cross-legged in thy resting place.

Thus, therefore, may it be that for one poor brief day, also in peace, thou mayst carry on thy thinking in contentment, this one (indicating), thou noble one, thou yaanehr, thou Federal Chief, whom I have been wont to hold in my bosom.

In this manner, perhaps, let the Three Brothers, so denominated ever since their Commonwealth was completed, do this.

Now, therefore, do thou know it, oh, my offspring, that the Word, the attesting wampum, of thy adonni is on its way hence to thee.

#### The Sixth Article/ The Darkness of Grief

Now, oh, my offspring, there is still another matter to be considered at this time.

It is this, that where a direful thing befalls a person, that person is invariably covered with darkness, that person becomes blinded with thick

darkness itself. It is always so that the person knows not any more what the day light is like on the earth, and his mind and life are weakened and depressed.

This very thing, then, has befallen thee, my weanling, thou noble one, whom I have been wont to hold in my bosom.

Is not then what has befallen thy person so direful that it must not be neglected? Now, therefore, at this time thou art become thick darkness itself in thy grief. Now, thou knowest not anything of the quality of the light of day on the earth.

Now, oh, my offspring, do thou know it, that now the Three Brothers have made their preparations, and now, therefore, let them say, "Now therefore, we make it daylight again for thee. Now, most pleasantly will the daylight continue to be beautiful when again thou wilt look about thee whereon is outspread the handiwork of the Finisher of Our Faculties on the face of the earth."

Thus, therefore, for one brief little day mayst thou think thy thoughts in peace, thou noble one, thou yaanehr, my weanling.

In this manner, then, perhaps, let the Three Brothers, so denominated ever since they established their Commonwealth, effect this matter.

Now, therefore, do thou know it, my offspring, thou noble one, thou whom I have been wont to hold in my bosom, thou yaanehr, thou Federal Chief, that the Word, the attesting wampum, of thy adonni is on its way hence to thee.

#### The Seventh Article/ The Loss of the Sky

Oh, my offspring, now there is another matter to be considered at this time.

It is that, then, where a great calamity has befallen a person it invariably comes to pass that the sky is lost to the senses of that person; invariably he does not know anything of what is taking place in it.

Verily, my offspring, this very thing has befallen thy person, thou noble one, thou yaanehr. Verily, then, is not what has befallen thy person not to be neglected? Now, therefore, the sky is completely lost to thy view. Now, thou dost know nothing of what is taking place in the sky.

So, now, therefore, do thou know it, that now the Three Brothers have made their preparations, and now then let them say, "Now, then, we beautify again the sky for you. It shall now, continue to be beautiful. Now, thou wilt do thy thinking in peace when thy eyes will rest on the sky. The Perfector of Our Faculties, the Master of All Things, intended that it should be the source of happiness to mankind."

Thus, therefore, for one brief little day, also in peace, mayst thou do thy thinking, thou noble one, yaanehr, my offspring.

In this manner, perhaps, let them do it, the Three Brothers, so denominated ever since they had established their Commonwealth.

Now, therefore, do thou know it, my offspring, that the Word of thy Father's blood-kin is going hence to thee.

#### The Eighth Article/ His Sun is Lost

Oh, my offspring, now there is still another matter for serious thought. Thus it invariably comes to pass where a great calamity has befallen a person that the Sun is lost to that person's senses. Then such a person knows nothing about the movements of the Sun, nothing of its drawing nearer and nearer to him; he is then in darkness. This very thing, therefore, has happened to thee, my weanling, thou noble one, thou yaanehr. The Sun is now lost to thee. Verily, then, is not what has befallen thy person not to be neglected? No more art thou aware of the movements of the Sun, nothing of its drawing nearer and nearer to thee.

So, now, therefore, do thou know it, that the Three Brothers have made their preparations. Now, then, let them say it, "Now, we attach the Sun again in its place for thee; that then shall come to pass, when the time shall come for the

dawning of a new day, that verily thou shalt see the Sun when it shall come up of the horizon, when indeed, our Elder Brother, the Sun, who lights up the earth shall come over it."

Thus, then, my offspring; thy eyes shall rest on it as it draws ever closer to thee. That, therefore, when the Sun shall reach, or place itself in mid-heaven then around thy person rays or haloes of light will abundantly appear. Then, indeed, shall thy mind resume its wonted moods; then also wilt thou remember the many things of whatsoever kind they may be, pertaining to the welfare of thy people, thy children, and thy grandchildren, matters, indeed, in which thou hadst been toiling.

Thus, then, may it be, that for one brief little day thou mayst do thy thinking in peace, thou noble one, thou yaanehr, thou my weanling.

In his manner, therefore, let the Three Brothers, so denominated ever since the institution of their Commonwealth, do this.

Now, therefore, do thou know it, my offspring, that the Word of thy adonni is on its way hence to thee.

From: John Bierhorst, Four Masterworks of American Indian Literature, New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1974, pp. 129-153. Reprinted with permission of John Bierhorst

Appendix D. From: "Slaying the Monsters," The Navajo Creation Story.

So it was that Altse hastiin the First Man set out for the cloud-covered mountain of giant spruces. On the very next morning he set out, singing as he went.

"I am Altse hastiin the First Man," he sang.

"Altse hastiin the First Man am I, maker of the earth.

"Altse hastiin the First Man am I, and I head for Ch'ool'i'i the Giant Spruce Mountain, following the dark, rainy cloud.

"I follow the lightning and head for the place where it strikes.

"I follow the rainbow and head for the place where it touches the earth.

"I follow the cloud's trail and head for the place where it is thickest.

"I follow the scent of the falling rain and head for the place where the lines of rain are darkest."

For four days he traveled thus, singing as he went.

"I am Altse hastiin," he sang, "and I head for Giant Spruce Mountain in pursuit of good fortune.

"In pursuit of good fortune I follow the lightning and draw closer to the place where it strikes.

"In pursuit of good fortune I follow the rainbow and draw closer to the place where it touches the earth.

"In pursuit of good fortune I follow the trail of the cloud and draw closer to the place where it is thickest.

"In pursuit of good fortune I follow the scent of the falling rain and draw closer to the place where the lines of rain are darkest."

On and on he traveled, continuing to sing as he made his way to Ch'ool'i'i the Giant Spruce Mountain.

"I am First Man and I head for Ch'ool'i'i in pursuit of old age and happiness," he sang.

"In pursuit of old age and happiness I follow the lightning and approach the place where it strikes.

"In pursuit of old age and happiness I follow the rainbow and approach the place where it touches the earth.

"In pursuit of old age and happiness I follow the dark cloud's trail and approach the place where it is thickest.

"In pursuit of old age and happiness I follow the scent of the rainfall and approach the place where the lines of rain are darkest."

Thus it was that he continued traveling on and on until he reached the foot of the mountain. And thus it was that he continued on and on, making his way up toward the summit. As he made his way he continued singing boldly.

"Altse hastiin is who I am," sang he. "And here I am climbing Ch'ool'i'i in pursuit of long life and happiness for myself and my people."

"Here I am arriving at the place where the lightning



strikes, in pursuit of long and happiness for myself and my people.

"Here I am arriving at the place where the rainbow touches the earth, in pursuit of long life and happiness for myself and my people.

"Here I am where the trail of the dark cloud is thickest, in pursuit of long life and happiness for myself and my people.

"Here I am where the rich, warm rain drenches me, in pursuit of long life and happiness for myself and my people."

So it was that he made his way higher and higher on the mountain called Ch'ool'i'i' because giant spruce grew thick and abundant upon it. And as he climbed he continued to sing with confidence. Even when he reached the very summit he continued to sing.

"Long life and good fortune I attain for my people and for myself," he sang.

"There is long life and good fortune in front of me.

"There is long life and good fortune in back of me.

"There is long life and good fortune above me and below me.

"All around me there is long life and good fortune."

Thus singing as he reached the very point where the peak of Ch'ool'i'i' meets the sky, he heard the cry of an infant.

And at precisely the moment when he first heard that cry lightning was flashing everywhere; so brightly was it flashing that he could not see. Precisely when he first heard the cry the tip of the rainbow showered the peak with intense colors; so intensely did those colors shower him that he could not see. Just when he first heard the infant crying the dark cloud shut out the last bit of remaining daylight; so thick was the cloud's darkness that he could not see. Just at the moment when he heard the crying infant for the first time the rain blinded him; so heavily did it fall that he could not see.

But although he could see nothing he made his way to the spot where it seemed to him that the crying originated.

And as he reached that spot the lightning ceased. The rainbow's intense shroud became a band of pastel softness. The dark cloud evaporated into a sky of blue. The rain stopped and the rays of the morning sun shone upon him.

He looked down at his feet where he had heard the baby crying. But he beheld only a turquoise figure. In it, however, he recognized the likeness of a female. It was no larger than a newborn child, but its body was fully proportioned like a woman's body. Not knowing what else to do, he picked it up and carried it back with him. Back he carried it to Altse asdzaa the First Woman and the others.

"Take it," he bid them.

"Keep it and care for it as if it were real.

"Nurse it and nurture it as if it were our very own."

From: Paul G. Zolbrod, Diné Bahane': The Navajo Creation Story, Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1984, pp. 173-75. With permission of The University of New Mexico Press.

Appendix E. From: The Boy and the Deer (Zuni).

"My fathers, my children, how have you been passing the days?" "Happily, our child, so you've come, sit down," they said.

"Wait, stop your dancing, our child has come and must have something to say," then the kachinas stopped.

The deer sat down

the old lady deer sat down.

A kachina priest spoke to her:

"Now speak.

You must've come because you have something to say."

"YES, in TRUTH

I have come because I have something to SAY.

There in the village of He'shokta is a priest's daughter who abandoned her child.

We found him

we have been raising him.

But he is poor, without clothing, naked, and this is not good.

So I've come to ask for clothes for him," that's what she said.

"Indeed." "Yes, that's why I've come, to ask for clothes for him."

"Well, there is always a way," they said.

Kyaklo

laid out his shirt.

Long Horn put in his kilt and his moccasins.

THEN HIS DEER MOTHER TOLD HIM EVERYTHING:

:AND NOW

I will tell you everything.

From here

from this place

where we're living now, we went down to drink. When

we went down to drink

it was one of your ELDERS, one of your OWN ELDERS

your mother who sits in a room on the fourth story

down making basket-plaques:

IT WAS SHE

whom the Sun had made pregnant.

When her time was near

she went down to Water's End to the bank

to wash clothes

and when you were about to come out

she had pains, got out of the water

went to a TREE and there she just DROPPED you.

THAT is your MOTHER.

She's in a room on the fourth story down making

basket-plaques, that's what you'll tell them.

THAT'S WHAT SHE DID TO YOU, SHE JUST  
DROPPED YOU.

When we went down to drink  
we found you, and because you have grown up  
on my milk  
and because of the thoughts of your Sun Father, you have  
grown fast.

Well, you  
have looked at us  
at your elder sister and your elder brother  
and they have fur. "Why don't I have fur like them?"  
you have asked.

But that is proper, for you are a daylight person.  
That's why I went to Kachina Village to get clothes for you  
the ones you were wearing.  
You began wearing those when you were small  
before you were GROWN.

Yesterday I went to get the clothes you're wearing now  
the ones you will wear when they chase us. When  
you've been caught  
you must tell these things to your elders.

"YES INDEED  
but you are certainly my REAL MOTHER.  
YOU GAVE BIRTH TO ME," he said.

Then, just as his deer mother had told him to do  
he told his mother everything:

"You really are my mother.  
In a room on the fourth story down  
you sit and work.  
As you sit and work  
the light comes through your window.  
My Sun Father  
made you pregnant.  
When he made you pregnant you  
sat in there and your belly began to grow large.  
Your belly grew large  
you  
you were about to deliver, you had pains in your belly, you  
were about to give birth to me, you had pains in your  
belly  
you gathered your clothes  
and you went down to the bank to wash.  
When you got there you  
washed your clothes in the river.  
When I was about to COME OUT and caused you pain

you got out of the water  
you went to a juniper tree.  
There I made you strain your muscles  
and there you just dropped me.  
When you dropped me  
you made a little hole and placed me there.  
You gathered your clothes  
bundled them together  
washed all the blood off carefully, and came back here.  
When you had gone  
my elders here  
came down to DRINK  
and found me.  
They found me.

I cried  
and they heard me.  
Because of the milk  
of my deer mother here  
my elder sister and brother her  
their milk  
I grew.  
I had no clothing, I was poor.  
My mother here went to Kachina Village to ask for my  
clothing.

That's where  
she got my clothing.  
That's why I'm clothed. Truly, that's why I was among them  
that's why one of you  
who went out hunting discovered me.  
You talked about it and that's why these things happened  
today." (audience) Ee-----so.  
That's what the little boy said.

"THAT'S WHAT YOU DID AND YOU ARE MY REAL  
MOTHER," that's what he told his mother. At that moment  
his mother  
embraced him.  
embraced him.

From: Dennis Tedlock, Finding the Center, Lincoln: University of  
Nebraska Press, 1978, pp. 7-8, 16-17, 25-27. Reprinted with  
permission of the Balkin Literary Agency, Inc.

Appendix F. From: "The Emergence," The Navajo Creation Story.

Altse'hastiin the First Man became a great hunter in the fourth world. So he was able to provide his wife Altse asdzaa the First Woman with plenty to eat.

As a result, she grew very fat.

Now one day he brought home a fine, fleshy deer.

His wife boiled some of it, and together they had themselves a hearty meal. When she had finished eating, Altse asdzaa the First Woman wiped her greasy hands on her sheath.

She belched deeply. And she had this to say:

"Thank you shijoozh my vagina," she said.

"Thank you for that delicious dinner."

To which Altse hastiin the First Man replied this way:

"Why do you say that?" he replied.

"Why not thank me?"

"Was it not I who killed the deer whose flesh you have just feasted on?"

"Was it not I who carried it here for you to eat?"

"Was it not I who skinned it?"

"Who made it ready for you to boil?"

"Is nijoozh your vagina the great hunter, that you should thank it and not me?"

To which Altse asdzaa offered this answer:

"As a matter of fact, she is," offered she.

"In a manner of speaking it is joosh the vagina who hunts.

"Were it not for joosh you would not have killed that deer.

"Were it not for her you would not have carried it here.

"You would not have skinned it.

"You lazy men would do nothing around here were it not for joosh.

"In truth, joosh the vagina does all the work around here."

To which Altse hastiin the First Man had this to say:

"Then perhaps you women think you can live without us men," he said.

"Maybe you need only nihijoozh your vaginas.

"Nihijoozh your great huntresses.

"Nihijoozh your tireless workers."

Quickly came this reply from Altse asdzaa the First Woman:

"All things do not exist thanks alone to you," she replied quickly. "We could live alone if we wanted to.

"We are the ones who till the fields, after all.

"We are the ones who gather the food, after all.

"We can live on the crops that we grow. We can live on the seeds that we gather. We can live on the berries that we find and on the fruits that we bring.

"Things exist thanks as much to us as to you. We have no need of you men."

On and on they argued that way, Altse hastiin the First Man permitting himself to grow angrier and angrier with each reply

his wife made; Altse asdzaa the First Woman permitting herself to grow more and more vexing with each reply she offered.

Until at length he stalked out of the shelter where they had lived together as man and wife. Out he stalked and jumped across the fire in front of their home, where he remained all that night with only his anger to keep him company.

From: Paul G. Zolbrod, Diné Bahane', Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1984, pp. 58-59. Reprinted with the permission of University of New Mexico Press.

Appendix G. From: "Slaying the Monsters," The Navajo Creation Story.

"Each day I labor long and hard alone in the sky. I have no one to talk with. I have no companion for my nights.

"What good is all that I do if I must endure my days and nights all alone? What use is male without female? What use is female without male? What use are we two without one another?"

That is what Johonaa'ei the Sun said to Asdzaa nadleehe the Changing woman.

She did not answer him at once, leaving another space of silence between his words and her reply.

Then at last she spoke. And this is what she said to him at last:

"You have a beautiful house in the east I am told," she said to him.

"I want just such a house in the west.

"I want it built floating on the shimmering water, away from the shore, so that when the Earth-Surface people multiply they will not bother me with their quarrels.

"And I want all sorts of gems.

"I want white shell. I want blue shell. I want turquoise. I want haliotis. I want soapstone, agate, redstone, jet.

"Such things I want planted around my house so that I may enjoy their beauty.

"Since I wish to live there without my sister and without our sons, I will be lonely while you are gone each day. So I will want animals to keep me company.

Give me elk. Give me buffalo. Give me deer. Give me long-tails.

Give me mountain sheep, jackrabbits, prairie dogs, muskrats.

"Provide me with those things and I shall go with you to the west."

That is what Asdzaa nadleehe the Changing Woman said to Johonaa'ei the Sun. And this is how he replied:

"What do you mean by making such demands of me?" he replied.

"Why should I provide you with all of those things?"

This time she answered him quickly. And this is what she said to him:

"I will tell you why," she said to him.

"You are male and I am female.

"You are of the sky and I am of the earth.

"You are constant in your brightness, but I must change with the seasons.

"You move constantly at the very edge of heaven, while I must remain fixed in one place.

"Remember that I willingly let you send your rays into my body. Remember that I gave birth to your son, enduring pain to bring him into the world. Remember that I gave that child growth and protected him from harm. Remember that I taught him to serve

his people unselfishly so that he would willingly fight the Alien Monsters.

"Remember, as different as we are, you and I, we are of one spirit. As dissimilar as we are, you and I, we are of equal worth. As unlike as you and I are, there must always be solidarity between the two of us. Unlike each other as you and I are, there can be no harmony in the universe as long as there is no harmony between us.

"If there is to be such harmony, my requests must matter to you. My needs are as important to me as yours are to you. My whims count as much as yours do. My fidelity to you is measured by your loyalty to me. My response to your needs is to reflect the way you respond to mine. There is to be nothing more coming from me to you than there is from you to me. There is to be nothing less."

That is what Asdzaa nadleehe the Changing woman said to Johonaa'ei the Sun there on the summit of Ch'ool'i'i the Giant Spruce Mountain.

At first he gave no reply. He took time to weigh carefully all things that she had said.

Then, slowly, thoughtfully, he drew close to her.

Slowly and thoughtfully he placed his arm around her.

And this time she allowed him to do so.

Whereupon he promised her that all the things she wished for she would have. She would have a house in the west on the shimmering water. She would have gems whose beauty she could enjoy. She would have animals to keep her company. All that she wanted she would have.

So it is that she agreed; they would go to a place in the west where they would dwell together in the solid harmony of kinship.

From: Paul G. Zolbrod, Diné Bahane' Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1984, pp. 274-75. Reprinted with the permission of The University of New Mexico Press.